

HOME MISSION TRAILS

J. S. STOWELL

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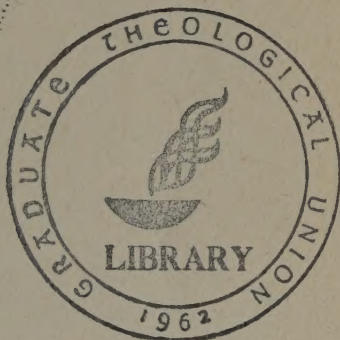
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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

MAKING MISSIONS REAL

Home Mission Trails

BY
JAY S. STOWELL



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FOREWORD

APPROXIMATELY one half of the missionary money given by Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school pupils is used for work in the United States. It is most important, both for the sake of the work and for the sake of those who are sharing so generously in it, that every contributor should understand as fully as possible the nature of the enterprises to which he is giving his money and his prayers. The purpose of this book is to help interpret the Centenary home mission program in concrete terms.

Prepared under the direction of the Department of Missionary Education of the Board of Sunday Schools, these sketches are designed primarily to assist Sunday-school superintendents, missionary superintendents, and department superintendents in presenting the meaning of the Centenary to their pupils. It is hoped, however, that many ministers and laymen not directly connected with the Sunday school, will find the material of genuine interest for reading purposes and of value in their work.

The material of the book has for the most part been secured from personal visitation to the fields described, and every effort has been put forth to insure the accuracy of the statements made. No attempt has been made to make the book comprehend the entire scope of the Centenary home mission program. Instead it is frankly a book of snapshots rather than a panorama. The persons mentioned are not more heroic or more efficient than scores of others; they chance to be real individuals doing real tasks, and they are therefore interesting. The fields discussed are only typical of many similar fields with similar needs and opportunities.

Since the material of the book is designed for platform presentation, each sketch is expected to be complete in itself. Related sketches have, however, so far as possible been grouped together.

JAY S. STOWELL.

New York City, August 1, 1920.



On the Trail

CHAPTER I

ALONG THE TRAIL

THE trail of the home missionary in America is a very old one. It begins with the earliest American settlements and it follows down through the years a clear-cut, well-blazed, easily recognizable path.

America owes a larger debt to her brave, persistent, and ever-present Christian missionaries than she is likely soon to acknowledge. Wherever a settler has made his way into the uncut forest, there, sooner or later—and usually sooner—the home missionary has found him. In the Western-moving caravans the missionary has ridden, and when the new settlement has been established the Christian preacher has been there to proclaim Jesus Christ and the way of life which he came to teach.

For examples of courage, fidelity, self-sacrifice, and unselfish service one has only to read the annals of our home missionary heroes. While others have sought fortunes in new lands, they have been content to be the servants of Him

who had not where to lay his head. Often underpaid, they have remained faithful and uncomplaining. In the midst of selfishness and greed they have taught brotherhood, cooperation, and service; in the face of recklessness and lawlessness they have stood for law and order and the established forms of justice. They have built churches, established schools, and provided Sunday schools, without which millions of our young people would have grown into manhood and womanhood uncared for by the church and ignorant of Jesus Christ.

In the first blush of our country's westward expansion the task of the home missionary seemed to be and was primarily that of church extension. He planted churches where without him no churches would have been established. To be sure, those churches were often little more than shells which a passing wind might almost blow away, but they were symbols of something much more substantial and worth while. The multitude of such churches which the home missionary has built is beyond comprehension, and his untiring persistence in the task has been little short of marvelous to the observer. None of the ordinary incentives of material gain or profit were his, but an incentive

far greater than that of worldly profit kept him faithful to his task.

As the years have passed conditions and needs have steadily changed. It is no disparagement of the work of those who labored in the past to say that the plans, the equipment, and the methods which they used are no longer adequate to meet the needs of a new day. Forests have given way to cities and towns, railroads and factories have sprung up, deserts have been transformed into gardens, and a simple frontier organization of life has been replaced by complex social and economic machinery, which has vastly increased our demands upon life and our facilities for satisfying those demands.

There is still genuine need for church extension in America, but the crying need of the present hour is not that of extension to new fields, but, rather, the placing upon an efficient working basis of those churches which have been established in the past and which in altogether too many cases have been allowed for lack of support to languish in the face of large need.

The cry of the church is still "Forward," but the great triumphs of the future must be among new social and racial groups in communities already occupied, and in a larger and broader

ministry to the lives of those who are already related to the church or living in its immediate vicinity.

Cheap, barnlike, one-room churches must give way to substantial buildings with many rooms and adapted to the needs of religious education and to community service of many sorts. A staff of trained workers adequate to meet the religious needs of the community must take the place of one often untrained man upon whose shoulders responsibilities too great for him to bear have been loaded. A program of many parts, including generous provision for religious education and social activities of various sorts, must be made to supplement the present limited ministry of the church.

We must learn to minister not alone to those who, temporarily separated from the church, welcome its appearance, but also to millions who living under the very shadow of the church find in it nothing to attract them. We must study to win for Jesus Christ the multitudes who, born on foreign shores, but now living as our neighbors, do not understand our ideals or ways of life, or the religion which we profess. We must discover how to get hold of the young life of our nation not now in any church or

Sunday school and give it an adequate Christian training.

It is something of this sort which home missions means to-day and is to mean in the days ahead. We are a little further down the trail, that is all; and as we proceed broader vistas open before us and we see more clearly the rich significance of the religion we profess, and with it all there dawns upon us something of the immense proportions of the inspiring task which we undertook when we set out with our Master to help make and keep America Christian.

CHAPTER II

CALLED TO AN IMPORTANT WORK

IN the year 1855, Dr. J. P. Durbin, secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, said in his annual report that the Society was desperately in need of a man for New Mexico, "who," as he phrased it, "will give his life to this work and make the New Mexico Mission the great and only enterprise of his life, keeping clear of all worldly schemes, and becoming the apostle of the Spanish population of that territory. It is a work worthy of a great and devoted soul. Such a man to superintend, to preach, to establish churches and schools would leave his life an illuminated mark on the page of the history of the church and of the present territory and future State of New Mexico."

The Methodist Episcopal Church had begun its missionary work in New Mexico in 1850, almost as soon as New Mexico became a part of the United States, but it had seemed difficult to secure anyone who would really give himself

unreservedly to the work in this very difficult and even dangerous frontier field.

At the time that Dr. Durbin was making his report to the Missionary Society the Rev. Thomas Harwood was just about preaching his first sermon in Wisconsin. His soul was full of missionary zeal, but he had never thought of New Mexico as his future field of labor, and had never so much as heard of Dr. Durbin. Whether or not Dr. Harwood was the man raised up in response to this appeal and need of the Missionary Society you perhaps may best judge after studying his life and some of the things which he accomplished. In one respect at least Dr. Harwood fully met the qualifications laid down by Dr. Durbin, for he literally gave the best of his life to New Mexico; and we know also that in spite of temptations to the contrary he did keep himself free from "all worldly schemes." It was some years later when Dr. Harwood actually reached New Mexico, but in the meantime, without any planning on his part, he was receiving a training which fitted him admirably for the arduous tasks of the New Mexico field.

During his early years he had struggled with all of the difficulties of a rough frontier farm;

later he struggled to secure an education; for five years he taught in the East, and then as many more in the West. Interspersed with his teaching were extended periods devoted to land surveying on the frontier, often where the Chippewa and the Sioux Indians were numerous. For a number of years Dr. Harwood served as a local preacher and as a regular pastor. For eighteen months during the Civil War he was a soldier in the 25th Wisconsin Volunteers, and for eighteen months following was chaplain of the same regiment. After his discharge from the army he spent three years more in the active work of the ministry. He was, therefore, forty years of age before, responding to a pressing invitation, he and his talented wife found their way into the territory of New Mexico, at that time a field unreached by railroads or other modern conveniences. Like Moses, he had had his forty years of preparation, a large part of it in the wilderness.

He did not then know that the rest of his life was to be devoted to New Mexico, but, staying steadily by the task first as missionary and then as superintendent, he built himself into the life and history of New Mexico until the two are inseparably linked. For more than forty years

he made his interests and those of the people of New Mexico one. He had the fine faculty of making friends, even of people who differed from him in their ideas, and possibly no one has been more intimately known throughout New Mexico and more generally loved than has Dr. Harwood. It has been said of him, as of another great man, "If you ask for his monument, stand anywhere [in New Mexico] and look about you."

During his years of service in New Mexico he dedicated sixty-six churches, chapels, and schools, and saw thousands of Spanish-Americans won to Christianity. He had such a rare combination of talents that some one said, "He finds it not difficult to return from praying with a sick Mexican child and pick up his pen and write a forcible argument in defense of statehood." Positions were offered him under the United States government, but he refused them all and stayed faithfully at his chosen task.

When Dr. Harwood reached New Mexico not a public school building could be found. There was hardly a Bible in one family in a thousand and only a few other books were in the Territory. Public roads and bridges were unknown, except such few as had been built

by the government or by Protestant pioneers, and there was hardly an American plow, wagon, or buggy in the entire region. Seventy-three and one half per cent of the people over ten years of age were unable to read, and seventy-eight and one half per cent were unable to write.

Dr. Harwood's field was not altogether well defined when he first undertook the work in New Mexico. He asked of Father Dyer, the presiding elder, where he was to work and what he was to do.

"The first thing for you to do is to secure a horse, for your circuit will be large," was the reply.

A man standing near by and hearing the remark said, "I have plenty of ponies and will loan Brother Harwood one; he can have his pick of a dozen or more, and he may use the pony as long as he wants to." The pony was brought out.

"Now, if you had a bridle and saddle you would be ready for your work, wouldn't you?" said the presiding elder. At this one man volunteered to furnish the saddle and another man the bridle, and so, almost quicker than it takes to tell the story, the new missionary was fitted out for his field.

“Now get your pony shod,” was the instruction, “then start northward by the way of Fort Union, Ocate, Elizabethtown, Cimmaron, Vermejo, and Red River until you meet a Methodist preacher coming this way. Then come back on some other road and rest up a little; thence go south until you meet another Methodist preacher coming this way; thence home again and rest a little; thence westward and eastward until you meet other Methodist preachers coming this way. All this will be your work.”

It did not take the new missionary long to discover that he had a large field. Taking the pony to a blacksmith shop he met a very talkative blacksmith, who admitted that he was the son of a Methodist class leader, although he had come out to the wild country of New Mexico and had become what he called a “tough case.” He had been drinking freely, but when Mr. Harwood offered to pay for shoeing the pony he said, “O no! I know I am a hard case, but not hard enough to charge a Methodist preacher anything for shoeing his horse.”

The first Sunday school ever organized in New Mexico so far as the records reveal was organized by Dr. Harwood, and the place of

meeting was an adobe, dirt-floor, flat-roof hen house. Here, with Mrs. Harwood's help, a day school also was opened which soon had about thirty pupils. The Sunday school had about the same number of members, made up of Americans and Mexicans.

There were many discouragements in these early days. On one trip Dr. Harwood fell in with a man who was an inveterate talker. He found fault with the churches and with the government for having so long neglected New Mexico. He said that the government had never given them a school, nor aided them in any way; neither had the churches.

"Now," said he, "the Methodist Church has sent you here as a missionary who cannot speak a word of Spanish; and even if you could, it would do the Mexican people no good, for they are Roman Catholics and you can never make anything more of them. You might as well go down and preach to those telegraph poles." Even this fault-finder Dr. Harwood's personality won, however, and he had in him always an admirer and a strong friend.

Some of the trips which Dr. Harwood took in those early days with his pony were long and tedious, involving weeks and even months of

travel and covering many hundreds of miles. The fact that he did not know Spanish was a genuine handicap, as he could not even inquire the way while on the road. On one occasion he was obliged to turn back and spend the night at the place from which he had started in the morning simply because he could not understand the people and they could not understand him. He then resolved to master some Spanish at least, and after supper by a blazing fireplace he received his first lesson. His host could talk Spanish, but he could not write it; he had learned it from the people. The thing which Dr. Harwood wanted most of all to say in Spanish was, "Is this the road to Elizabethtown?" And so the lesson proceeded somewhat as follows:

Dr. Harwood said "is," and his host said "es." This Dr. Harwood wrote down. Dr. Harwood then said "this," and his host said "este." Dr. Harwood said "road," and his teacher said "camino." Dr. Harwood said "to," and the host said "á." Dr. Harwood said "Elizabethtown," and the response was the same. Then Dr. Harwood read the result of his first lesson, "Es este el camino á Elizabethtown?"

The next morning Dr. Harwood started out quite elated over the fact that he could speak Spanish, and he proceeded to ask every person that he met, "Es este el camino á Elizabethtown?" He had not gone very far, however, before he overtook a man on foot, and with all the ardor of a boy trying a new toy he paused and said, "Es este el camino á Elizabethtown?"

The man turned, looked full at Dr. Harwood and replied, "Lawd, man, you'll have to talk English to me. I doesn't understand de language of dis country." He was a colored soldier.

Thus traveling, talking, preaching, and working, Dr. Harwood gradually became the friend of the people of New Mexico. He slept in their homes and they came to know him and he to know and to understand them. The fine chain of Mexican churches and missions, Albuquerque College at Albuquerque, New Mexico, and the Harwood School for girls in the same city are a few of the monuments to the self-sacrificing efforts of this courageous man and his efficient and unselfish wife.

The Centenary is going to make possible new church buildings, a better trained leadership, better college buildings, and other advances in method and equipment in the Spanish-American

work in New Mexico; but we cannot understand all that is involved in it unless we understand something of the labors and achievements of Dr. Harwood, the man who all unconsciously came to answer the appeal made by Dr. Durbin in his annual report to the Missionary Society in the year 1855.

CHAPTER III

A CHRISTIAN TRAINING FOR MEXICAN BOYS

A VISITOR to the grounds of Albuquerque College in the spring of 1914 would not have discovered very much resemblance between this institution and the picture which is ordinarily created in the mind by the suggestion of a college campus. The yard was grown up to weeds, the window lights were smashed, and the entire institution had the appearance of dilapidation. Inside, the rooms were dirty, the plaster was crumbling from the walls, and a more undesirable place for a school to be held could not easily be conceived.

It seems like a tragedy that this fine school, organized in 1889 by Dr. Thomas Harwood, so long superintendent of the New Mexico Mission, should have been allowed to fall into such a state of disrepair that it could no longer be used. For some reason, for which no particular individual was responsible, this institution, which did such excellent work for some years, did not receive satisfactory support, and because

it did not receive support it soon lacked pupils, and then because it lacked pupils it was doubly difficult to get support. The school was closed and for two years was unused.

It was not to be expected, however, that an institution so much needed would be allowed permanently to languish. Bishop Francis J. McConnell at last discovered Dr. H. A. Bassett, who had for sixteen years been a missionary in Mexico, and to him he offered the hard task of making a real school out of this institution which, at the moment, was nothing but a group of unsatisfactory, dilapidated buildings. Dr. Bassett came to the field and with true modesty but genuine vigor set about accomplishing the impossible. Money had to be raised to rehabilitate the buildings; the weeds had to be eliminated from the yards, and an immense amount of hard work had to be done before any school work could be thought of.

At last the buildings were semipresentable, and Dr. Bassett announced that on the eighth day of September school would open. The only reason that the school did not open on that date was the fact that there were no pupils. The date of opening was changed to the 17th, and again it was changed. At last,

the first day of October, the school actually did open with three pupils, and before the end of the year thirteen had been enrolled. The second year there were twenty-seven; the third year thirty-nine; the fourth year came our participation in the World War, and thirty-five pupils were enrolled. The next year the enrollment was the same, but the following year (1919) the number reached sixty-two and a considerable number of pupils had to be turned away because the buildings were inadequate to meet their needs.

The teachers in this school have demonstrated a heroism which has been typical of all fine Christian workers throughout the ages. They have stood by their tasks even when more alluring financial offers came their way, and now they are to be rewarded by having more adequate facilities supplied to them. This is one of the Centenary projects, and to anyone who is familiar with the needs of the Southwest it is apparent that the sort of work done here is one of the most needed. In no other way at present can the leadership necessary for maintaining the various Spanish-speaking churches and missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church be secured.

Of course many of the boys who come to this school do not enter the Christian ministry. Many of them go out into business and other pursuits. Here they have a steady and persistent influence upon the large Spanish-speaking population which is to be found throughout the Southwest. One graduate of this school, who came here and took two years of theological training, is now working among his own people in Mexico and has been there since 1917. Three or four of the boys served in the army; some are teaching; some work in stores, and others are engaged in other occupations. At the Columbus celebration a quartet from this school skilled in playing the guitar formed one of the interesting features of the Spanish-American exhibit. Professor F. G. Heslet, the musical instructor, accompanied these boys.

It ought to be said that Albuquerque College is in reality not a college at all, but, rather, a school with few entrance requirements where Mexican boys of reasonably good character, who for one reason or another are not having a fair chance at an education, may come and receive such education under Christian influences. The school is popularly known as the "Harwood Boys' School." Some of the boys

who come to this school are from Catholic homes; many of them can speak little or no English. Their parents are anxious for them to have a chance to learn English, and they are willing for their children to be educated in a Protestant school. Sometimes, however, the priest strongly objects to their coming, especially if he discovers that the boys are becoming interested in the Protestant religion.

It is something like this which has happened in the case of one of the most promising boys; but we will let his letter to Dr. H. A. Bassett, president of Albuquerque College, tell its own story. It reveals something of the hold which this school has on its pupils. This boy does not know why his father will not permit him to return to the school he loves. No one who reads the letter, however, can doubt for a moment that the schooling of this Mexican boy has been worth while, even though it has been interrupted by forces which he does not understand.

Sept. 14, 1919.

MY DEAR MR. BASSETT:

I thought I would write a few lines to let you know that I am well and at the same time to tell you that I received your most welcome letter a long time. I am awfully sorry that I didn't had enough time to answer it.



Mexican Methodist Episcopal Church and Sunday School, Albuquerque, New Mexico

I tried as hard as I could to come to school but my father didn't give me permission to come. I didn't know why. I hate to leave the school and at the same time I hate to leave you because I know you have been trying hard in making a real man out of me. But at any rate I am going to try and be a Christian man all my life and I know I owe all this to you. I hope my father will change his mind.

I am too busy now, Mr. Bassett. I sure am working hard. I wish myself back in the "dear Albuquerque College." I am here in the mountains and am just thinking of my dear school.

Please excuse writing with pencil, I am too far from home. So with my best regards to Mrs. Bassett, I remain,
As ever yours,

(Signed.)

This is but a suggestion of the fine Christian influence which Dr. Bassett and his associates throw around the boys while they are receiving their education. We may well rejoice that the Centenary is to mark a new day of opportunity for this much-needed institution with its high record of service.

The Centenary, however, is to do another fine thing for the Mexican work in Albuquerque—the small, inadequate, and over-crowded Mexican churches there are to give place to a large and attractive building to be erected almost in the center of the town, just across

from the post office. The lots have already been purchased and the work of building will move forward in the near future. Since the population of Albuquerque, the largest place in New Mexico, is one half Mexican, it is easy to imagine how wide an influence this enlarged and better-equipped work will exercise.

CHAPTER IV

THE ROMANCE OF A BIG TASK

ONE hundred and fifty years ago the owner of a loom house in England was accustomed to turn over the building to his friend John Wesley for the purpose of holding religious services. To-day in the mountains of northern New Mexico the grandson of that loom house owner lives. Every second Tuesday evening he is present at the service conducted by the Methodist missionary in the little schoolhouse at Red River. Little wonder that this man is faithful to the services, for until recently the community was entirely without religious ministry.

The missionary, in order to preach in this schoolhouse, is obliged to drive a Ford automobile forty-five miles from Cimarron over mountain roads at some points two miles above sea level, or, when the roads are rough, to ride a saddle horse and lead a pack horse behind, so that he can carry books, magazines, and other materials into the homes, where without this ministry no good literature would be available.

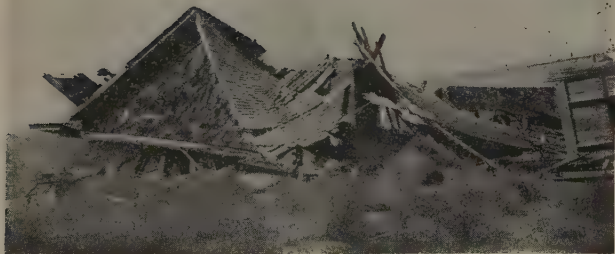
In the heart of winter, when the roads are worse than usual and the weather is most disagreeable, it is next to impossible to travel over these mountain paths even on horseback, and so during that period of the year the Red River services are of necessity discontinued.

The romance of home missions is well exemplified by the work of this missionary, the Rev. Gilbert Traveller. In brief, his field may be summed up as follows: More than two thousand square miles of territory, four agricultural communities, three mining camps, one lumber camp, one important mixed community, and uncounted ranchers, settlers, cowboys, mining prospectors, and others, hidden away in some of the most beautiful mountains, canyons, and fertile valleys which the mind can picture. And this Methodist missionary is the only religious worker in all that large and important territory.

It is indeed a man's job to minister in this unusual field, for, added to the physical endurance necessary to cover the field, a most unusual mental agility and adaptability is the *sine qua non* of success here. The field indeed is one of contrasts. The mountains are filled with gold, but notwithstanding the fact that the entire



Schoolhouse standing only a few hundred feet from ruined
Church



The only Protestant Church in an area of two thousand
square miles

region is predominantly Protestant the only Protestant church in the territory has for years been little better than a barn, and last winter (1919) it tumbled into a heap of ruins after a moderate snowfall. Here are graduates of Yale and other Eastern colleges, and also boys and girls from Protestant homes who have never been in a Sunday school or heard a Christian sermon. Here are individuals who have traveled four times around the world, and others who know little beyond their immediate environment.

On this same field are homes costing as much as fifty or sixty thousand dollars and filled with the finest that art and literature and the skill of man can provide; here also as well are log shacks and huts of the humblest sort. Here are mountain passes two miles above sea level which can be crossed only with the greatest difficulty, and fertile valleys where oats, and barley, and rye grow luxuriantly without even the trouble of irrigation. Further down a million-dollar irrigation project is now nearly completed. The dam and immense reservoir lie above Cimarron, and the land to be watered lies below just adjacent to the town. With the opening of this project new settlers will arrive in sub-

stantial numbers and the field for service will be again enlarged.

It would be useless to attempt to create with words an adequate picture of this field. It must be seen if its beauty, its variety, and its opportunity are to be appreciated. The important thing to remember, however, is that amid all of this beauty and variety the only individual who is concerned about ministering to the religious life of the population is a single Methodist missionary. This man must call in the homes, listen sympathetically to the needs and difficulties of the inhabitants, minister in times of distress, organize Sunday schools, preach, and conduct all of the other activities usually supposed to form a part of an adequate Christian ministry to a community.

In order to do this important piece of work he must maintain an automobile which is almost continually in use over roads that test the strength and endurance of any machine. In addition he must keep a saddle horse and a pack horse for the times when the roads are impassable for a motor car. How else, indeed, could good reading matter be carried into a gold-mining camp perched on the almost perpendicular side of a high mountain, or how else

could the missionary sleep at one point on his charge and the next evening preach in a log schoolhouse forty-five miles away? And yet, unless he does exactly that thing some boys and girls from Protestant homes are going to grow up without any Christian ministry whatsoever.

This is a task which no ordinary home missionary can well handle. Mr. Traveller is able not only to visit in the homes and preach satisfactory sermons from the pulpit, but he can handle as wild a horse as any cow-puncher on his field, and he can play his part in the round-up to the satisfaction of the most fastidious cowboy. His skill with horses and cattle is only equaled by his skill in piloting a Ford automobile over roads that to an ordinary driver would seem impassable. He is not in the habit of stopping short of his goal when once he sets out to attain it.

There are numerous needy frontier fields under the care of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but there are few where the task is more exacting, or where the opportunity is more alluring than here at Cimarron, in the mountains of northern New Mexico. Cimarron was one of the first places reached by a Meth-

odist missionary when the Methodist Episcopal Church undertook its missionary work in New Mexico two generations ago. For years, however, the work has been carried on in an old dilapidated frame building, which was absolutely inadequate to meet the need. Last winter, as already stated, it collapsed. A few hundred feet away from the ruins stands a beautiful brick schoolhouse, but in Cimarron, and in the large territory embracing the two thousand square miles described above, there is not a Protestant church building of any sort.

The Centenary proposes the erection of a real church to be located at Cimarron and to be equipped to minister to the entire community. It will serve as a religious center for the extensive territory lying round about. The church is to have social rooms, a gymnasium, a reading room, a rest room, club rooms, and a banquet room for cow-punchers' banquets and for men's clubs. It will be a church with rooms for Sunday school classes, for Boy Scouts, for Girl Scouts, and any other needed organizations for young people. Such a church will command the respect of the people because it will be dignified, substantial, and adapted to meet the needs of the community. It can

demand and secure the support of those who in the past have felt that the program of the church has been too small and too inadequate to be worthy of support. The time is ripe for a genuine forward move here, and the Conference of New Mexico has recognized this fact by making Cimarron one of its first Centenary projects.

The plans for this field, as worked out by Mr. Traveller, include a substantial ministry to the many families in the territory who are so situated that they cannot get out to religious services. Already the pack horse and the Ford automobile go loaded with magazines and papers to be distributed, and books to be loaned until the next visit. This service is to be extended to include Home Department literature, a monthly sermon sent out by mail, and if possible, World Outlook, an "Advocate," or some other appropriate periodical.

Some of the plans are moving forward; others must wait, for it takes money to buy a machine for duplicating sermons, to purchase Home Department literature, to pay postage, and to secure other necessary equipment. And money is not plentiful on the field just now. In the meantime a survey is projected which will

reveal the facts, and which, incidentally, will show the birthdays of many who, tucked away in the mountains, receive little mail, but who will now find themselves pleasantly remembered with a letter from their pastor at least once a year.

There is enough wealth in this territory to support the plans of the most ambitious leader, but the church has so long been content with an inadequate program that community support has not measured up to the needs. There are indications on every hand, however, that the support will be forthcoming when the church demonstrates that she really means business. Even a good Christian finds difficulty in waxing enthusiastic about a program which is limited by the four walls of a cramped, discarded store building, lighted by lamps borrowed from the parsonage.

If the Centenary can minister to needs such as these, and can do it with such dispatch and vigor as to get the plans past the sticking point, it will indeed set in operation forces which are beyond calculation. The churches and Sunday schools of Methodism are determined that it shall be done.

CHAPTER V

A MODERN MINISTRY IN AN OLD TOWN

IF you chance to be going to the Pacific Coast over the old Santa Fe trail and desire to park your car in the ancient town of Santa Fe, in the very center of New Mexico, you will discover that the space set apart for parking purposes is directly across from the Methodist Episcopal church. If you are observant, you will also note a neat sign suggesting that a rest room has been provided in the basement of the church where you may make yourself at home. If you go across the street, you will find that a pleasant young lady is in charge of this room, and that she is there to serve you and to give you any information which may be needed or helpful. This fine plan of ministering to the large number of tourists who pass through Santa Fe is an idea of the Rev. S. W. Marble, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Santa Fe, and it is only one of several ways by which he is trying to make this church measure up to the needs of a very peculiar situation,

Since Santa Fe is the capital of New Mexico and is one of the oldest towns in the United States, you might expect to find here a large self-supporting Methodist Episcopal church, but such is not the case. The town is too dominantly Catholic for that. Of the present population of Santa Fe of some 7,000, it is said that 5,500 are Catholics, and a very large proportion of these are Mexican Catholics, or more correctly, Spanish-American Catholics, for while they are of Mexican stock most of them were born in the United States. Here is the great Catholic stronghold of the Southwest, often called the "Catholic capital of the Southwest." Santa Fe is a Catholic shrine of considerable importance. Here one may see the old San Miguel Church, said to be the oldest church in the United States. Just across is an adobe house, claimed to be the oldest residence in the United States, and in the church is the famous old bell, understood to be the oldest church bell used in the United States. The relics of the past, together with the large and important Catholic institutions and organizations which center around Santa Fe, make it a distinctly Catholic town. It is here that the famous De Vargas Day Parade

is held. There is a tradition that when De Vargas approached Santa Fe with a view to taking the town from the Indians who had held it for some time, he held a prayer meeting and vowed that, if he were permitted to take the city, the image of the Virgin would be carried through the streets each year. However true this legend may be, it is true that the parade is held regularly, and multitudes of nuns, brothers, and members of altar societies walk down the streets, while thousands gather at the sides to witness the parade. A doll, representing the Virgin, is carried on a small platform on the shoulders of four girls; just behind come the archbishop and other dignitaries. The natives believe that as an evidence of the favor gained by this parade they get rain. It is said that they leave the Virgin out for a week or more in a little chapel, or until it rains. If the rain is not forthcoming, they are supposed to subject the image to various sorts of ill treatment until the rain appears. This parade is little less than awe-inspiring when one realizes the ignorance and superstition which it represents. The standard of Catholicism in Santa Fe is considerably below that in most other parts of the United States,

and it is said that good Catholics often sever their connections with the Catholic Church when they come to live here and get a glimpse of the ignorance and superstition which prevails.

Santa Fe itself is an old Mexican town, originally laid out by the Spaniards; the main business structures still center about the plaza, upon one side of which is the Governor's palace, an edifice where the various governors of the Territory, from the early Spanish times down to 1909, resided. Some time after the establishment of the settlement Santa Fe was captured by the Pueblo Indians and held by them for several years. It was later recaptured by the Spaniards.

The first sermon preached by a Methodist missionary in New Mexico was preached in Santa Fe from the text, "And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified" (1 Cor. 2. 1, 2). When the Methodist Episcopal church at Santa Fe was built, General Lew Wallace, the author of *Ben Hur*, was governor of the Territory of New

Mexico, and as a resident of Santa Fe became a member of the church. He was also a member of the official board. Visitors to Santa Fe are to-day shown the room in which a part at least of the famous book was written and the chair in which the general is supposed to have sat when writing it.

The high school in this town of seven thousand is doing business on the basis of a town of fifteen hundred. In the parochial schools the Spanish language is spoken and English is not stressed. Naturally, since Santa Fe is the capital of New Mexico, the government of the State is closely tied up with Catholicism. Each session of the Legislature a bill is passed appropriating thousands of dollars of State money to Catholic institutions, although similar Protestant institutions do not receive any appropriation of this sort. The governor of New Mexico has urged that the Spanish language be placed upon the same basis as English in the public schools, and he recommends that the study of Spanish be made compulsory. Incidentally, the governor is a native of old Mexico. Curiously enough, also, the speeches in the State Legislature can be understood only through an interpreter. Much of the

speaking is done in Spanish, and there are certain members of the Legislature who cannot read the English language, and numerous others who cannot understand it when it is spoken at the speed ordinarily used by a public speaker.

Perhaps this will help us to understand why we are still putting home mission money into a town like Santa Fe. We are doing it with the conviction that the consistent holding up of high Protestant ideals has had and will continue to have a very definite effect upon the community. It is not easy to go out and reach the Spanish-American population of Santa Fe with Protestant teaching. A deep-seated prejudice against anything Protestant has been too thoroughly instilled in their minds for that to be accomplished easily, but in various indirect ways the work can be made to minister to these ignorant people who so much need help to a better way of life. The pastor is opening up a playground in the rear of the church and already Spanish-American boys and girls in the community are finding their way to this spot. As they become more and more acquainted with the leaders of the church and as they discover that their motives are only those of

helpfulness, barriers of long standing may ultimately be broken down.

In the meantime the church is ministering to its English-speaking constituency and bearing its silent testimony to the multitudes of Spanish-American neighbors who pass its doors. It was the first church in the Denver Area to raise its entire Centenary quota, which, incidentally, was larger than the amount of missionary funds received by it. Several hundred dollars also were raised to equip and furnish the rest room for automobile tourists and to provide an attendant.

Thus in the midst of what some have called a "foreign mission field at home," and somewhat overshadowed by the splendor of the Catholic institutions about it, this modest church performs its ministry and proclaims a religion which stands for an enlightened mind, a pure heart, and honest, unselfish service to one's fellow men. Whether or not the Methodist Episcopal Church in this extremely important center is to be provided with more adequate equipment and enabled to move forward with a program of work better adapted to the very peculiar needs of this community, the continued success of the Centenary will largely determine.

Surely, if there is any place in the United States where the simple gospel needs to be proclaimed, it is here in the ancient town of Santa Fe, the political capital of the State of New Mexico and the religious capital of the Spanish-speaking Catholics of the Southwest.

CHAPTER VI

FROM SCOFFER TO CHRISTIAN MINISTER

EARLY missionaries among the Spanish-speaking population of our Southwest had many unusual experiences, including the suffering of actual persecution at the hands of the native population. Bibles were burned, missionaries attacked, and Christian workers in at least one or two cases killed. Instances of more petty persecutions were common. Sometimes this took the form of disturbing Protestant services.

One striking case of this latter form of persecution occurred at Doña Ana, six miles north of Las Cruces, New Mexico. The preacher was a man named Silvestre Garcia, one of the first Mexican ministers in New Mexico, and the leader of the disturbance was a Mr. Dionisio Costales. He used to assemble a group of his cronies in front of the building where the services were being held. Then, standing on a box, he would imitate the preacher, to the great amusement of his comrades, who, in turn, would make enough uproar to interfere seriously

with the conduct of the service to which other Mexicans were trying to listen. One of the favorite forms which this program of tormenting took was that of shouting "Hallelujah!" and "Amen!" in loud voices as the service progressed.

You might expect this story to relate that this treatment broke up the services and that the preacher was driven out of town, but such is not the case. Possibly it would have been true had it not been that the father of Mr. Dionisio Costales went one night to hear the preacher of "new things." He liked it, and the following service he invited his sons to go, with the result that in a few weeks the whole family, ten in all, were converted and soon after joined the church. Disturbances kept on, but Mr. Costales now became defender of what he had scoffed at. To-day instead of breaking up Christian services he is the pastor of the Mexican church at Las Cruces, and he has a substantial congregation and a fine work. He has often testified, "I have been dealt with in the same manner that I dealt with Brother Silvestre Garcia, but I rejoice in it!"

The story does not end there, however, for Mr. Costales sent his son to Albuquerque College, and after his graduation the son



Mexican Girl, Tucson, Arizona

entered the ministry of the church. He is now an unusually well-trained Mexican pastor, and is in charge of the very important Mexican work at Tucson, Arizona.

Tucson was an old Mexican town until the influx of American residents changed the character of the community. The result is a modern town built right by the side of and now overwhelming the old Mexican element. The Mexican population is, however, still large and the Mexican work here most needed. Mr. Costales has a fine brick building with parsonage attached, and the Centenary is providing funds so that the building can be finished and made to meet every need of the work. This Mexican church raised its entire Centenary quota, and the boys and girls in the Sunday school had an important part in that achievement. They take up their Centenary offerings regularly, and the minimum offering is expected to be two cents. The pastor of this church edits for the Board of Sunday Schools the quarterly which is used among the Spanish-speaking churches of the Spanish District of the New Mexico Annual Conference. Some of the classes use the English lesson helps. The beautiful pulpit of this church was made by

one of its members at the cost of about thirty-eight dollars.

Here in Tucson also is located the Mary J. Platt Girls' School, under the auspices of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. This boarding school is filled with a group of fine Mexican girls, a considerable number of whom come from homes across the border in Mexico, and from nominally Catholic homes. There is a need here in Tucson for a similar school for boys. At present there is no mission school for Mexican boys between the Southern Methodist School at El Paso, Texas, and the Methodist Episcopal School at Gardena, near Los Angeles, California, with the result that many Mexican boys who ought to receive the training which the mission schools provide are denied the privilege of such training. Only recently two mothers made a rather long trip across the border from Old Mexico to Tucson, bringing their sons and expecting to find there a Protestant school for boys. When they discovered that the school admitted only girls they were much disappointed, and since Los Angeles, or Albuquerque, or El Paso was too far away, they were obliged to take their sons home once more. One of these mothers was a Catholic,

but she was **anxious** to have her son placed under Protestant teaching and refused to send him to the Catholic school.

Here was an opportunity thrown in the way of the Protestant Church, and yet there was no way by which it could be improved. Mr. Costales works in close cooperation with the girls' school, and this is an asset, both to the work of the church and to the work of the school. One of the results of a situation in which there is no adequate opportunity for Protestant boys to receive an education is that the graduates from the Mary J. Platt School go out to marry Catholic boys. Mr. Costales is hoping to see this situation remedied by the establishment of a school for Mexican boys in Tucson.

If you are in Tucson on a Sunday morning and attend the Mexican church, you will discover a Sunday school, with approximately one hundred in attendance, meeting at nine forty-five. There are twelve officers and teachers in the school and the work is conducted along approved lines. They have two banners—one as an incentive for attendance and the other as an incentive for offerings. There is a training class for teachers and for prospective

teachers every Saturday evening, with twelve enrolled. At eleven o'clock every Sunday a preaching service is held and at three o'clock the Epworth League meets. At seven-thirty there is a second preaching service, and during the week every night is taken with the single exception of Monday night: a cottage prayer meeting is held on Tuesday evening; on Wednesday evening a class of twenty-five girls meets to study Spanish and in that way prepare those who, later on, will work among their own people; on Thursday evening the regular prayer meeting is held, and on Friday evening the Epworth League at the Mary J. Platt School meets. Saturday evening is devoted to the training class for Sunday school teachers.

The oldest family in this church has been in the United States only about twenty years. Here, as elsewhere, it is found easier to win the Mexicans who have come into the United States recently than those who have been here for many years. The priests seem to be losing their control over the young people, but these same young people are responsive to the preaching of the gospel when it comes to them from individuals whose unselfish motives they can trust.

The fact that Mr. Costales, of Las Cruces, and his son, of Tucson, have been won to the Christian religion and have both become ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church is but an indication of the possibility of transforming the lives of many Mexicans who have more recently come into the United States.

This story would not be complete, however, if we did not call attention to the fact that Mr. S. B. Garcia, the son of Mr. Silvestre Garcia, who, as the first pastor that ever went to Doña Ana, was the instrument in the conversion of Mr. Costales, is now the representative of the Board of Sunday Schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Albuquerque, New Mexico. He is doing a fine work among the Mexican people in organizing and maintaining Sunday schools where the young people can be trained in the Christian religion.

CHAPTER VII

A LAND OF CONTRASTS

ARIZONA is indeed a land of contrasts. It is a place where, as the proverb goes, "You dig for wood and climb for water." This is literally true, for the springs are in the mountains and roots on the dry plains are dug for fuel. The contrasts do not stop here, however: you may travel in Arizona through deserts that are as desolate as any to be found in the world and then suddenly come upon a watered valley that is a second Garden of Eden, with oranges, lemons, dates, and almost every other kind of fruit growing in abundance. You may stand in valleys which are natural hot houses and look away to mountains covered with snow. You may travel through treeless plains, or, in the northern part of the State, go through forests of rich pine. Here in this interesting State rivers grow smaller as they proceed, rather than larger, but fortunately, here as elsewhere, the temperature goes down as you go up and goes up as you go down. This is a saving feature, for there are certain parts of

Arizona from which it is well to be absent during the warm months of the summer. The climate is most healthful, yet the deaths from certain preventable diseases are numerous. This is due to the fact that so many people come here in the advanced stages of disease for health reasons.

Here are vast stretches of open country, but curiously enough, no rural problem, at least in the sense in which we usually think of a rural problem. Arizona is one of the largest States in point of size which we have, yet it has not a single city of good size, so that the city problem is reduced to a minimum. New towns are springing up overnight, and some of the most ancient remains and the oldest communities which we have in our country are here: the petrified forests, the Grand Canyon, and other wonders of nature, old beyond the calculation of man. And in such towns as Tucson we discover old Spanish settlements, the age of which cannot readily be determined. In this unusual State grain is sown in December and threshed in May.

And so we might go on to enumerate some of the strange and unusual things about Arizona and in such a category we would have to

include the fact that the churches of Arizona are in many ways doing a far better piece of work than we would expect in so typically a frontier field. The 1918 meeting of the Arizona Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church was never held, as at the time scheduled for the meeting the State was overrun with influenza. At the 1919 session of the Mission held in Douglas the ministers were asked to tell, as the roll was called, some of the outstanding things about their work, and the following are a few of the items which a visitor noted as the men spoke for a few minutes each.

One minister reported that the town in which he served was seven years ago nothing but a tent and a haystack. It now has a population of one thousand people, is a well-laid-out town with a beautiful new hotel costing nearly a million dollars, a new school-house worth some sixty thousand dollars, two fine business blocks, and other similar developments. This spot has become a winter resort, and it is not surprising that the minister here wants some assistance in getting the church satisfactorily on to a working basis. Not far from this spot the Goodyear Rubber Company, of Akron, Ohio, has invested some five million

dollars in the growing of long staple cotton, which is particularly desirable for the making of tire fabrics. The Mormons are just starting in this community a twenty-five-thousand-dollar church, while the Methodist work is carried on in a frame shell thirty by fifty feet, with a poor shack for a parsonage. The plan is to build here a twenty-five-thousand-dollar church, and the Centenary is to assist in making this plan effective.

Another pastor reported his work as in one of the strongholds of Mormonism in the State, although the Gentiles are coming in rapidly. At this point the Mormons already have several attractive churches, and they are planning to erect a Mormon temple. Lots have been secured and the plans for the building are moving ahead rapidly. The Methodist Church in this field is inadequate, and outside aid must be secured if it is to continue to do the work which ought to be done.

Another pastor reported that on each alternate Sunday he preached four times and drove eighty-five miles. Another indicated that two points which he had been serving had become so well developed that they must be separated and a new pastor secured for one.

In one case the pastor and his family are living in the basement of the church because there is no other place available for them. One church reported a debt of more than eight thousand dollars wiped out and two other churches announced that during the year they had paid off their debts.

The sudden end of the war and the consequent reduction of the demand for copper has had a marked effect upon certain communities where the population has suddenly been very greatly reduced. In a certain field where a fifty-thousand-dollar church was planned just before the United States went into the war, the building project has been held up, but it is now expected that it will move forward. One substantial church with a rather large Centenary apportionment reported raising its entire Centenary quota on one Sunday, although every one "knew" they couldn't do it. Another church in the alfalfa country raised one hundred and fifteen per cent of its Centenary quota, in spite of the fact that they had just received word that alfalfa had dropped to seven dollars per ton. Having got along so well with the raising of their quota, they turned about and immediately after raised the money to wipe

out a seven-hundred-dollar debt of the property. This church reported eighteen conversions during the year and thirty-six new members, with fifty per cent of their Centenary quota paid in at the time of the annual meeting.

One pastor explained that while the population of his community had decreased sixty per cent during the war, a Centenary Committee made up of two Presbyterians, two Congregationalists, one Catholic, six Methodist Episcopal members and one Southern Methodist put the Centenary across in fine shape. In this community the Methodist Church is practically the only Protestant church and this fine cooperation on the part of members of other denominations in the congregation is notable. Incidentally, the pastor reported that the Roman Catholic was converted as a result of the Centenary drive.

Another pastor on a rural field reported a wonderful work with the young people, as many as sixty between sixteen and twenty-five years of age being in the congregation, and many of them driving four or five miles for the Epworth League meeting. This same pastor also reported that after the Sunday-school session not a single individual left, but all stayed for the

preaching service. Other churches reported Sunday schools so large that they could no longer meet in the church building; some were using schoolhouses for certain classes; others resorted to rooms in the parsonage; some had provided temporary makeshifts in the way of canvas covering, and other classes met entirely out of doors.

The resourcefulness and ingenuity of one pastor was well demonstrated by the fact that he took advantage of a strike in the community to get his men to excavate under the building. The men responded so generously that a two-thousand-dollar basement was completed practically without cost to the church, both the materials and labor being donated. The pastor in this same community reported that if he were to reach all the people in his community, it would be necessary for him to speak twenty-six different languages, as here are Greeks, Austrians, Finns, etc. This community has the distinction of being the first place in Arizona to deport I. W. W. agitators. Surely, the needs here are such as to demand the best in the way of equipment and staff.

Although the Centenary quotas assigned to the churches in Arizona total more than one

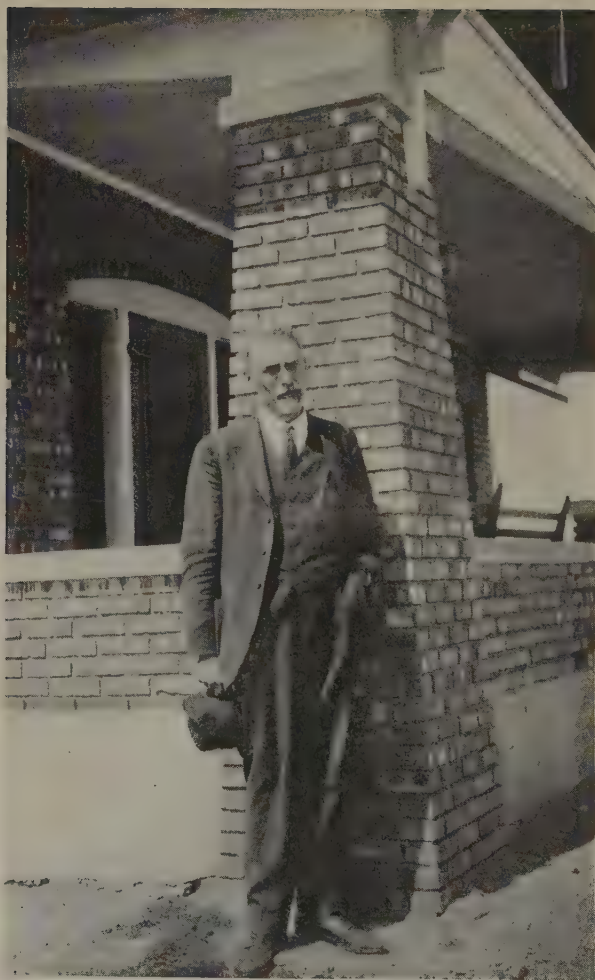
hundred and fifty thousand dollars, they triumphantly raised more than their quotas.

These glimpses of the work in this large and unusual State leave us with a feeling of optimism, for while there are many things to be done, and Arizona must for the time have outside help if they are to be done adequately, yet the reports indicate that the churches of Arizona are awake to their obligations and are measuring up in an admirable way to the needs of a most alluring field.

CHAPTER VIII

ABOLISHING "THE BORDER" AT DOUGLAS, ARIZONA

Not long ago a certain Methodist minister received his first appointment to a "border" church in Arizona. He had not been long on the field when the family went for a drive and, of course, one of the chief points of interest was "the border." When they reached that line, marked only by a wire fence, although carefully guarded by United States soldiers, the children were very much interested. The guard stretched a point and allowed them to step across the line so that they stood on Mexican soil. The experience seemed almost to hypnotize the children, for it was their first venture outside of the United States. They stood gazing away into Old Mexico and it was with difficulty that they were recalled. When they finally got back to American soil—although the distance could almost be measured in inches—they looked up at their mother and cried out with one accord, "Why, mother, I didn't see any border!"



Rev. John Burman, Douglas, Arizona

To be sure, the Rio Grande River flows for a considerable distance between Mexico and the United States. Certain strands of barbed wire do their best to create a border at other points, and where these give up the job in despair, concrete posts stand to remind the traveler of the fact that here Mexico and the United States meet. In spite of all this, however, in spite of all that we may desire, or that Congress may do, the bald fact remains that here, in our great Southwest, the United States stands face to face with Latin-America. We are neighbors, yes, next-door neighbors, whether we will it or not, and the things which transpire on either side of the border are of very vital interest to the neighbor next door. Little wonder that at some of these border points it is hard to determine whether the Christian work maintained should be classed as home or foreign missionary work.

So far as the Rev. John Burman, pastor of the Mexican Methodist Episcopal Church, of Douglas, Arizona, is concerned, such slight distinctions as are raised by the terms "home" and "foreign," or even by actual international boundaries, have little significance. Although he is listed as a home missionary, Douglas, in

Arizona, and Agua Prieta, across the line in Old Mexico, are equally his fields of labor. These two towns practically merge. Were it not for the wire fence and the guard in the roadway, who steadfastly denies entrance or exit to any who do not have the proper credentials from the United States government, or from Mexico, they would form a single community. Yet there are many Mexicans almost within a stone's throw of the United States who have never stepped across the international line, and many more residents in Douglas who have never been inside of Mexico.

These artificial barriers do not stand out as insurmountable obstacles to Mr. Burman, however. To him Mexicans are human beings with great spiritual needs, and the mere accident of living north or south of a wire fence does not weigh heavily on his mind. He finds them as responsive to a gospel of love on one side of the line as on the other.

The story of John Burman himself is perhaps of equal interest to that of the remarkable work which he is doing; at least it would be hard to understand the work without knowing something about the worker. Mr. Burman was born in Sweden, but came to this country

and drifted to Arizona, where he found work in a copper smelter at Bisbee. From 1897 to 1900 he labored in Bisbee, and then for two years he served as furnace foreman in Old Mexico. After a sojourn in Nebraska he returned to Arizona and worked in the smelters at Douglas for two years. While in Douglas he was converted to Christianity. No sooner had he become a Christian than he felt an overwhelming desire to serve his Master in definite Christian work. He gave up a well paid job, attended school, married a trained, consecrated Christian young woman, and was appointed to Bolivia as a missionary. There he did effective work for six years, when he returned to this country. His experience in Old Mexico and his experience in Bolivia had given him not only a thorough knowledge of the Spanish language, but also a very definite understanding of the Spanish mind, and he was engaged to work among the Mexicans in our Southwest. To-day he is the beloved pastor of a fine congregation in Douglas and of another congregation across the line in Agua Prieta, and he is ministering also, to some extent, at other border points.

The schedule of this Swedish-American-

Mexican missionary is a rather strenuous one. At ten o'clock Sunday morning Sunday school is held in Douglas and at eleven o'clock the preaching service. Then Mr. Burman goes across the line into Old Mexico and conducts a Sunday school in Agua Prieta and preaches there. He then returns in the evening to Douglas and another preaching service is held. Tuesday there is Epworth League, Wednesday night a prayer meeting in Douglas, and Thursday night a cottage prayer meeting in Agua Prieta. Mr. Burman also goes regularly once a month to Naco, where he is maintaining an out station. On these trips he is obliged to sleep on the other side of the line on dirt floors, often with insufficient covering, and to eat the food which the common peon of Mexico can provide. If you could follow the work of this man from week to week, perhaps you would understand why he is so much beloved and why it has been said of him that in the troublesome days of the past he did more to maintain satisfactory relations between Mexicans and Americans at this point on the border than any other individual.

A short time ago the residents of Agua Prieta actually tore down the Catholic church

which has been built there, and as all the priests had already been driven from the State of Sonora, in which Agua Prieta is located, there was no one to protest.¹ In nearly every service which Mr. Burman holds there is some one who has never before heard the gospel. There are as many as twenty-five in attendance at the cottage prayer meetings in Agua Prieta. At present one of the immigration officials in this town provides the use of his home as a meeting place since there is no church in the community. This family was formerly a Catholic family, but they are now strong Protestant adherents. Last year Mr. Burman received thirty-eight new members into his church, and all but one of these were directly from the Roman Catholic Church, and all but one were adults. The superintendent of the large and prosperous Mexican Sunday school now held in the parsonage at Douglas is a man who was formerly an official under the Sonora government, but he now lives in the United States.

Speaking of the work here, Mr. Burman says that it is easier to reach the Old Mexico Mexi-

¹ Since this chapter was written a new governor rules in Sonora. Some priests have returned and saloons were reopened for a time and then closed again.

cans who have recently come into the United States than to reach the New Mexico Mexicans who have been here so long. The Old Mexico Mexicans are in a state of revolt against Catholicism and are much more open to the teaching of the gospel. "Mexico," says he, "is more friendly than ever toward Protestantism and intervention would be a great disaster." It is more difficult here to reach the ignorant and illiterate population than those who are educated, but about twenty per cent of those who are won to Christianity are illiterate.

A few years ago Villa tried to take Agua Prieta. Although he did not succeed, he did make it somewhat uncomfortable for residents close to the border. At least it is annoying for a mother engaged in the task of putting her baby to bed to have a bullet enter the window and lodge itself in the opposite wall just over the baby. Nor is it always convenient to have several tons of baled hay piled around the home as a barricade, yet some families have passed through exactly these experiences. Fortunately, the local government in the State of Sonora has been good, and for the most part law and order have prevailed. Some time ago the State was made dry by order of the governor.

After this happened a Chinaman opened a saloon in Agua Prieta, but he was in jail before night. The business men in Douglas believe so thoroughly in the fine work which Mr. Burman is doing that they have provided the four lots which the church now owns. A comfortable parsonage has been erected on two of the lots and it is now being used for church purposes until the new church is completed. The Centenary is helping to build this new church which is now nearing completion.

In these days when there are so many selfish forces affecting our relations with Old Mexico and the Mexicans, it is encouraging to know that here, right at the heart of an important situation, we have a man and a work of which we may well be proud. If there be a solution for the Mexican problem, it would seem to lie along the lines of service already mapped out by Mr. Burman.

One of the women who were taken into church membership recently was the wife of a Mexican who was strung to a telegraph pole on the other side of the border not long ago. The son is now in Albuquerque College receiving a Christian education. There are seven Mexican boys from Douglas in Albuquerque at

present and there are several girls in the Mary J. Platt School for Mexican girls, conducted by the Woman's Home Missionary Society in Tucson.

One phase of need which we have as yet been unable to touch adequately in Douglas and Agua Prieta is that of medical attention. These poor Mexicans know little about hygiene or sanitation, and the conditions under which they live are most unsatisfactory. Disease is rampant. Mr. Burman tells of a beautiful Mexican girl who married a more or less ignorant Mexican and became diseased. She suffered greatly and finally went to a doctor for treatment. He gave her one treatment at a cost of fifty dollars and then refused to give more until the first bill was paid, this being cared for on the installment plan. In the meantime the woman was unattended. Similar cases of need could be multiplied many times. Thus their ignorance and helplessness make them not only the prey of unnecessary disease but also the victims of unscrupulous and selfish exploiters.

Some one here who could visit in the homes, help in establishing sanitary conditions, and particularly give advice and assistance when

the babies arrive, would be a most effective parish assistant. The Mexican people have been exploited by the church so long that they are notably responsive to kindness and help. Thus would much unnecessary suffering be avoided, while at the same time many a home and heart could be opened to the teaching of a religion which stands for clean living and fellowship with a loving Father God. And this is the sort of religion for which Mexicans have a great need, but of which they have had very little.

CHAPTER IX

MAKING THE DESERT BLOOM

POSSIBLY you like to think of Arizona as one immense unproductive desert. If so, there are certain trips which you should not make while visiting the State. One of these is a trip through the Salt River Valley, which radiates from Phoenix. It is an easy section to miss, for none of the transcontinental lines passing through Arizona go through Phoenix. If you desire to visit this remarkable region, you must either go south on the Santa Fe from Ash Fork, or north from the Southern Pacific Railroad at Maricopa. In any event the trip is well worth the trouble.

The story of how this valley, which a few years ago was a worthless desert, has been developed is of considerable interest. Various private enterprises had tried to make use of the water of the Salt River for irrigation purposes, but little had been accomplished because the companies were handicapped for lack of funds and were obliged to attempt inadequate projects close at hand. All the time they knew

that some miles back up in the mountain nature had arranged one of the most admirable situations for a concrete dam which could well be conceived. At this point a substantial dam across a limited space would create a lake of large proportions. The problem was, how to get the money for the enterprise.

The story now turns to no less a man than Theodore Roosevelt. When Roosevelt raised his company of Rough Riders at the time of the Spanish-American War a considerable number of them came from the vicinity of Phoenix. From these men Roosevelt is said to have learned of the needs and the opportunities presented in the Salt River Valley. At the moment he was unable to do anything definite to help, but later when he became President this was one of the first irrigation projects to receive attention, and incidentally it was the first government irrigation project on a large scale to be carried through to successful completion. The large dam has always been known as the Roosevelt Dam.

The dam itself is 284 feet high and 168 feet thick at the base; at the crest it is 20 feet thick. There is a 16-foot roadway on top of the dam. At the base the dam is only 210 feet long, but

on the top it is 700 feet long. The foundation has been sunk 36 feet into bed rock. The lake which is formed by this dam covers $25\frac{1}{2}$ square miles, or more than 16,000 acres. The first stone of this dam was laid September 20, 1906, and the dam was completed and dedicated March 18, 1911. It was four years later before the reservoir was filled. The lake contains enough water to supply the lands in the valley with all the water needed for three years without the addition of another drop. Nearly 800 miles of canals and laterals have been constructed to convey the water to the places where it is to be used. One of the interesting by-products of this irrigation project is the electric power generated. This amounts to 25,000 horse power, and it is conveyed down through the valley into the city of Phoenix and to other towns.

With the coming of water into the valley the entire aspect of the country began to change. Desert stretches became orchards, and cactus wastes were transformed into fertile fields. To-day if you travel down through the Salt River Valley, you might well imagine that you had come unexpectedly upon the Garden of Eden. Fruit of almost every kind grows in

abundance—peaches, apricots, pears, and many fine qualities of apples are grown here, while wonderful date palms hang loaded with luscious dates. Garden truck of every sort and flowers flourish. Alfalfa is a staple product, and seven or eight crops can be cut in one season. Cantaloupes grow in abundance.

One of the most interesting developments, however, is that of the long-fiber cotton which is raised here. The government has for some years maintained an experimental station in the Salt River Valley, and they have developed from seed originally obtained from Egypt a species of cotton which is of a very superior quality. Because of that fact automobile concerns are already investing large sums of money in this region in the cotton industry. The long-fiber cotton makes an unusually tough fabric for automobile tires and it is said to be especially good also for typewriter ribbons and other special uses, such as aeroplane wings.

This large development, of course, spells responsibility and opportunity for the Christian Church, and the churches find it difficult to keep pace with the needs. A number of Methodist Episcopal churches have been built, but already Sunday schools in the valley are so

large that the little one-room churches originally constructed are too small to contain them. Temporary structures are erected outside, and in spite of that device some classes are obliged to meet in the parsonage, in the schoolhouse, or out of doors the year around if they meet at all. This is notably true at Glendale.

Glendale is located in the valley seven miles northwest of Phoenix. The Methodist Episcopal church, which was built there some years ago, seats one hundred and thirty people. The Sunday school, with an enrollment of three hundred and ninety, already has outgrown the church. There has been constructed in the rear of the church a temporary board and canvas protection which is used for the younger grades in the Sunday school. A large young people's class, the first and second intermediate grades and the third and fourth junior classes have, however, no room in which to meet, and during the entire twelve months of the year they meet out of doors.

There are four thousand people in the school district, and the region round about is a rich agricultural, dairying, and poultry-raising section. Cotton is one of the chief crops, and much alfalfa is raised. A large condensed-



Mormon Chapel at Mesa, Arizona, where a Mormon temple is soon to be erected

milk factory has also been erected. There is 'bus service between Phoenix and Glendale every half hour. The growth here has been very rapid, but the church has not kept pace with the growth of the town. The Centenary is to help remedy this by making possible a new and adequate building.

Mesa, another town in the valley seventeen miles southeast of Phoenix, was founded some years ago by the Mormons and the present population of seven thousand is thirty-five per cent Mormon. There are already several attractive and well-attended Mormon churches in the community and they have recently raised two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the building of a Mormon temple. The Mormon Church is adding another two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and the temple when completed will cost six hundred thousand dollars. This, it is expected, will make Mesa the Mormon capital of the Southwest, so that it will no longer be necessary for Mormons who wish to be baptized or married in a Mormon temple to make a trip to Utah.

For a long time it was impossible for the Methodist Episcopal Church to secure property in Mesa, owing to the regulations put in force

by the Mormon Church, but later a location was secured and a building erected. At present the Methodist Church is perhaps the strongest Gentile church in town. Its property is at present valued at twenty-five thousand dollars, and there is no debt. There are more than two hundred members in the Sunday school and a fine work is being carried on. It will not, however, be possible permanently to maintain a high standard of work without a church adapted to community service. A community house is much needed and work should also be undertaken for the Mexicans, of whom there are many in Mesa.¹ The Mormons here are good proselyters, and already they have demonstrated their ability along this line by their work among the Gentiles who are now moving into the region in considerable numbers, and also among the Mexicans. Surely here, if anywhere, the church can afford to do its very best work.

¹ Since the above was written the local Methodist Church has built a neat chapel in the Mexican quarter of town and is carrying on work there.

CHAPTER X

A MODERN FAIRY STORY ¹

EIGHT or nine years ago a snapshot would have told practically the entire story of the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church for Mexicans in Southern California.

To-day the work presents a continuous panorama, extending from Los Angeles down through the fertile and productive valleys of California to the international line at Calexico and Mexicali. More than thirty preaching stations opened, a Christian school for Mexican boys established at Gardena, Sunday schools organized, a fine group of earnest and faithful workers built up, human lives transformed, and a large practical program for extending and strengthening the work in the immediate future by the erection of new buildings and the making possible of a better and more varied service for the Mexicans—these are some of the things

¹ (While this chapter refers chiefly to the Latin American work in Southern California it should be remembered that the Methodist Episcopal Church has a Spanish Mission in San Francisco, Portuguese work in San Pablo, Oakland, and in the San Joaquin Valley, and a number of missions for Mexicans at other points north of Los Angeles.)

which stand out in contrast to the past to remind us that something has been happening recently in California.

As a matter of fact, however, such remarkable developments do not "just happen." Fine pieces of work are always the result of the patient effort of fine men, and the recent development of the Mexican work in California is no exception to the rule.

In the year 1911 the Rev. Vernon M. McCombs found himself in California in need of rest and physical recuperation after a strenuous period of missionary service in South America, where he acted as district superintendent of Peru. Arrived in the land of sunshine, determined to make the most of it for the sake of his health and his future usefulness, Dr. McCombs did not welcome enthusiastically an invitation to speak in a little Mexican mission inadequately supported and carried on under very unpromising conditions by a few consecrated Methodist young people in Los Angeles. The visit was to have many unforeseen results, for it was in his attempt to help in this mission that there was laid upon Dr. McCombs's heart the burden of responsibility for the Mexicans of Southern California.

For decades these generous-hearted neighbors from Mexico had shared largely in the production of the oranges, lemons, walnuts, sugar beets, alfalfa, beans, and multitudinous other products of California. They had tended the sheep and the cattle, built the houses, constructed and cared for the railroads and performed much of the other useful labor. For years thousands of Mexicans had drifted into the city of Los Angeles and then drifted out again, and the church took little notice of them. A poorly supported mission in Los Angeles and a weak church, housed in a crude wooden building in Pasadena, comprised the list of Methodist enterprises for Mexicans. The rest of the field was practically untouched.

With the advent of Dr. McCombs things began to change, not rapidly at first, but steadily and surely, until to-day the church is conducting a steadily enlarging and improving ministry of which it may well be proud. It would be difficult to describe all of the fine enterprises now in process, but we can note some of the things which have been accomplished.

At Pasadena the crude little building has given way to one of the most attractive and

commodious churches for Protestant Mexicans to be found in the United States. A fine Sunday school and other regular services are conducted, a day nursery is maintained, a hotel for young Mexicans is run by the church, and other lines of welfare activity are carried on. Recently the Bonita Hand Laundry giving work to Latin Americans, and with the motto, "There is no help that helps folks like the help that helps them to help themselves," formed a part of this varied service.

The pastor here at Pasadena is the Rev. A. C. Gonzales, who went from tending a saloon to Albuquerque College and then entered the Christian ministry, instead of returning to the saloon. He is a most efficient and successful worker, and he has won many Mexicans to Jesus Christ. A recent report of this Pasadena church indicates that in a single year there has been a one hundred per cent increase of membership with no loss of members. A considerable proportion of his converts have been young men, and others only recently from Mexico. One young man, converted in 1919, was a captain in Villa's forces when the United States entered Vera Cruz. He is now studying at Gardena to become a Christian minister. The following

telegram, dated January 18, 1920, was received by Dr. McCombs from this young man:

Brother, I leave Ajo the 27th, ready for the school. Save me a place. Pray for me that I may succeed in the way in which I have started. Yours in Christ.

(Translated from the Spanish original.)

The Spanish American Institute at Gardena is itself a product of the last few years. It was evident from the very first that the work never could be placed upon a firm foundation unless some opportunity were provided for training Christian Mexican leaders. It was in response to this very obvious need that the Spanish American Institute was organized. This institution is a school for boys located at Gardena, eleven miles from the center of Los Angeles. Already a considerable tract of land has been secured and a number of attractive buildings have been erected. The school at present is filled to capacity, with something over sixty boys and young men enrolled, but the plans call for extra buildings which will make it possible to accomodate two hundred. Here the boys will not only be taught the usual subjects, but also how to do woodwork and various kinds of metal work, how to set type and run a printing press, how to raise crops and care for

animals, and how to do other useful things. Best of all, however, they are taught the Bible, and learn about Jesus Christ and are trained in the Christian way of life. Recently a Theological and Bible Training Department has been added to the school.

Many of the pupils come from poor homes, and it is necessary for some good friends to furnish the scholarships which will make their attendance possible. That the school and all it means is thoroughly appreciated is well illustrated by one little boy, who said, "O, I wish I could stay here a hundred years." One of the first, if not the first Centenary building project in the United States, was the new industrial building which was erected here at Gardena, and which is now completed and being put to good use by the boys. The printing presses which have been established in this building are not only self-supporting but also revenue-producing.

Of course the center of all this excellent Mexican work in California is the old Spanish Plaza in Los Angeles. This is the center of one of the largest Mexican communities in the United States. The little mission of a few years ago has become a great institution, and the

work has been so extended that many workers are employed. There is not only an organized church, Sunday school, and Epworth League, but there are also open-air services on the Plaza, clinics for the needy, Goodwill Industries, and an employment bureau for the unemployed, Goodwill stores for the poor, kindergarten classes, and clubs for boys and girls, visitors for the homes, special service for prisoners, and many other ministries.

The Goodwill Industries has already received through the generosity of friends a large, convenient and valuable building just near the Plaza, and here the workshops and the stores are located. Facing on the Plaza itself valuable lots have already been secured, and the Centenary is to make possible the erection of a fine institutional church, where the various activities now operating from temporary quarters can be housed. Surely nothing could be more appropriate than the erection here on the Plaza,¹ which for more than a century has been the center of the Latin-American life of the Southwest, of a commanding Protestant

¹ Plans for a railroad terminal may modify the exact location of the building, but it will not materially affect the general program of the enterprise.

institution which shall register in no uncertain terms something of our real, though often unacknowledged, interest in these Mexican friends who have come to make their home with us, and who are at present contributing such a large proportion of the needful labor in our great Southwest.

Governor Ruiz, of Mexico, called at the office some time ago and said: "The passions of our people must be restrained and educated. You folks are laying down just such a moral and social program as our people need. It is just what the Mexicans want. I am deeply interested and will look further into your great work. That Plaza community center is just the right thing, I congratulate you upon it."

There is not space to tell of the work at Santo Ana, Orange, Wintersburg, Westminster, Anaheim, Fullerton, Placentia, Glendora, Rivera, Huntington Beach, Long Beach, Compton, Watts, Glendale, Lamanda Park, San Fernando, Fillmore, Bardsdale, Ventura, Santa Paula, and numerous other places. One of the most interesting and needy places is Calexico, on the Mexican border. The situation and the plans developing there are described elsewhere in this book.

Perhaps the finest achievement of all, however, is the consecrated and efficient group of workers which Dr. McCombs has gathered about him during these years of work. The spirit of service is everywhere evident, and the efficiency, kindliness, and loyalty of the workers is the very best promise for the future. Dr. McCombs has been made superintendent of Latin-American work for the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension, and in this larger relationship he is doing much to help the Christian Church interpret its professed religion in such concrete terms that our Mexican friends cannot mistake its meaning.

The coming of the Centenary marks a new day for our Latin-Americans of the Southwest, for with better buildings, better equipment, and more and better-trained workers, the work which has already brought joy into the lives of thousands will move forward with a fresh impetus.

CHAPTER XI

REACHING REAL PEOPLE IN CALIFORNIA

THE results of any missionary endeavor must be summed up sooner or later in terms of the lives of individuals reached. The raising of money, the building of buildings, and all other external activities find their justification only as they affect human lives. The individuals affected by the home missionary activities of the Methodist Episcopal Church are so many in number that it is hard to get anything approximating an adequate picture of the results achieved. We, however, can understand the transformation of particular individuals. The following stories taken from the Mexican work in the Southwest are typical.

A TRANSFORMED GAMBLER

The rapid development of the work among the Mexicans in Southern California has brought forth many interesting instances of unusual transformations, but possibly none more remarkable than that of Ramon Ponce. In order to

understand his conversion, however, we must go back and tell of Emilio Hernandez. Emilio was an ignorant Mexican peon who had come over to the United States, but who nine years ago could not read nor write any language. Emilio was converted and, after his conversion, was very eager to preach the gospel. It would have seemed that he was not particularly well qualified for preaching, as he had little education. However, he was given a very small support of seven dollars per month and he began work among his own people. During the first year of his efforts seventy Mexicans were led to Jesus Christ, and among these Ponce was included. Ponce himself was a former gambler, revolutionist, and jail bird in Old Mexico. He did his best to break up the services which Hernandez tried to hold among the Mexicans, but Hernandez stayed by his task and was rewarded by seeing Ponce himself converted. Ponce is a natural-born leader among his people, and he is now *Mayordomo* of the workers in the orange and walnut groves in a large territory in Southern California. He is superintendent of the Sunday school and has been made local preacher. He is learning to read, and two of his children were recently

baptized by Dr. Vernon M. McCombs, with whom the reader already is acquainted.

Hernandez, who won Ponce, has kept on with his good work; he has learned to read and to write, and he is now half through the Conference course of study. The conversion of Ponce—a man of such wide influence among the Mexicans—was indeed an achievement; and if the work of Hernandez had resulted in nothing else, it would have been worth considerably more than the seven dollars per month which the church allowed for this work; but in addition we must remember that Hernandez has influenced for good hundreds of other Mexicans who without him never perhaps would have heard the gospel.

STENOGRAPHER TO MADERO

If you visit the headquarters of the Goodwill Industries carried on in connection with the Plaza work of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Los Angeles, California, you may see working steadily and patiently at a sewing machine a small, quiet Mexican woman, but unless you know the inside story you will perhaps fail to appreciate all that her work there means.

Some time ago this woman and her daughter,

Miss Guadalupe Chazari, became interested in the work at the Plaza. They were recently from Old Mexico, and the daughter had been personal stenographer to Madero when he was President of Mexico. Coming to this country, it was not altogether easy for them to get established in the new life, but the Plaza work made that step a much more simple one. The daughter became filled with a desire to do definite religious work. The Missionary Training School at San Francisco offered just the sort of course which she needed. The problem was how to take advantage of the opportunity which could be seen in the distance. By this time, however, the mother had become so interested and devoted to the work in the Goodwill Industries of the Plaza that she freely and gladly urged her daughter to go on to San Francisco, saying that she would be in the hands of friends and be able to support herself by her work in the Goodwill establishment while the daughter prepared herself for her chosen work. Thus the daughter is studying and the mother is working, and both are content.

One of Miss Chazari's companions at San Francisco is Miss Josephine Rios, another

member of the Plaza church and a graduate of the Frances De Pauw Industrial School, conducted by the Woman's Home Missionary Society. The following letter sent to Dr. McCombs by Miss Rios, just after her arrival in San Francisco, really speaks for both girls. It gives something of an idea of their fine character and of the ideals and ambitions which dominate them.

129 Haight St., San Francisco, Cal.

Sept. 29, 1919.

DEAR DR. MCCOMBS:

Our trip out here was very delightful. We started last Monday, September 23, and we arrived here Wednesday. There were only two who got seasick, but I did not get to feed the fishes. Some of us do not like this town, but as we did not come for that purpose our duty is set before us.

Sunday: Miss Garcia, Miss Muñoz, and three others, with myself, went down and located the Mexicans. We did not know where they were found. So the girls told me to ask a policeman. They always put me forth, so if anything happens I will be the first. Don't you think that's unfair? I do. But I did, and he told us. So we walked and walked, climbed hills and all, until at last we found them. I tell you we have a mighty hard job before us, but we are going to get at it even if we have to be stoned.

In the midst of all the Mexicans we have two Catholic churches and a convent. We visited one, and in front

knelt a little Mexican woman praying to her saints, and as I talked with some of them, they were mostly Catholics. Some were interested when I told them we were training for life workers and we five came to help them. We petted the children and showed them we wanted to take nothing but to give. After walking a little more we came to a little mission, but we were late for the afternoon so we planned to go in the evening which we did. It is conducted by a Portuguese man, Redolfo Lima. He says he has heard about you and knows some of the workers. Before going in we girls planned to say something, at least, a Bible verse. You see these girls here are not used to speaking in public, so to each was given a Bible verse, and I was glad when the preacher asked for testimony they were the first. I wanted this so that the Mexicans could see we were there to do our duty.

There were lots of children and we are planning to organize a Sunday school so that the little children may not come at night, for they need their sleep. Also we are planning to give a social and in that way interest the young people. We have work enough before us. The priest will soon be scolding while we'll be calling and doing their job. The first thing we want is to get the little children, and they will invite their parents. That's why I've chosen the kindergarten course. It took prayer and time to choose, but I think I have chosen right, and I know God wants me to do it. I thought of this, "A little child shall lead them." And when the Plaza church is built, I want a room to myself where I can have a little kindergarten for children, that is, if you will give it to me. And when I graduate and the church is not built, I shall start one anyway. Next summer, if it is God's will, I want to go

and have a little kindergarten for the children as they begin once before. I have seen a brighter, higher life and I will not look back no more but forward to a better work.

Sunday, at ten o'clock, I knelt down in my room before going to church and prayed for my church at the Plaza for at that moment, Sunday school perhaps was beginning. A vacant place, perhaps now occupied by some one better, passed my mind. And also for those men out in the Plaza. I've given my life to Him and I'll go to the slums if I am to get the little children.

Mr. Stevens is very nice, and when I see you I am going to fine you for talking about me. I am not worthy of it all, and now he is passing it on. The other day at the table he was talking about me. So you see I have something against you now. Pray for us. We need your prayer and our work is being done because we belong to you and we want our work to grow larger. We need a few Mendoza hymn books and Testaments to distribute. We would like them if you can spare them—that is the plea of us girls.

The Lord bless you also in your work is our prayer.

Your friend,

(Signed) JOSEPHINE RIOS.

To secure for the church young women of such ability and with such fine consecration and to be able to see them prepared and ready to undertake serious work in an efficient manner is to set into operation forces which are not to be lightly regarded, for they can and will make a

very large contribution to the Mexican work in the Southwest.

ONE HUNDRED FIRES

The name "Cienfuegos" means "one hundred fires," and it is an appropriate name for one of the recent Mexican converts in Southern California. His first name is Miguel—which is equivalent to "Michael"—and he is a typical strong Mexican. The "lima bean empire" of California knows this man all too well. He was one of the roughest of the rough, a hard drinker, and an adept at almost every kind of sin. In his own language, his "cards were his God," for he was a gambler of no small reputation. He had no use for religion of any sort, but the Mexican work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in California reached even this man and he was soundly converted. After his conversion he gave up his clasp bowie knife as a testimony of his complete submission to the principles of peace. The following translation from the Spanish gives in his own words the testimony of Cienfuegos himself:

O, I have been one of the most abandoned men that could be found in this world. I waded through every vice, drunkenness, gambling, and some other vices which

were bad for me. I was a man who, when he had a pack of cards in his hands, said that he had God. For me there was no other God; there was no church; there was nothing in the way of righteousness for me. I did not believe in God.

My friends said to me, "You do not believe in God." I answered them that all those who believed in him were crazy. And I also said to them, "Show me God that I may believe in him," and they told me that what I asked was an impossibility, and I never believed in anything.

But at length I had a faithful friend—Stephen Dominguez (himself recently saved by our Antonio Jimenez)—who one evening came to my house and invited me to accompany him to a meeting which they were going to have. I answered my friend that I did not believe in God, but he quietly replied that it made no difference. "Come along and spend a little while." Then it was hard for me to give in, but in the end I went to the great meeting. My friend gave me one of the papers, and said to me, "Inform yourself well about these papers; take in their meaning." Then I examined them that same night and saw that they looked of importance and went back again with my friend asking for other papers and a beautiful book, which convinced me that the road which I was taking was bad.

Then I kneeled down by the side of my bed and asked God to forgive me the evil which I had done in the world and I gave myself to my God to be faithful forever. And that same night, I said to myself, "To-morrow I will take my gambling outfit"—which I had all fitted up—"and set fire to it"; and at the same time I put it in the fire, I said, "O God, do not let me return to my evil ways; blot them out of remembrance."

And up to the present time there has been a great change like that from night to day. I have a hunger for peace and am following the good way of God. And I will follow this blessed road wherever it may lead (through life, through death).

(Signed) MIGUEL CIENFUEGOS.

Fillmore, Cal.

The pastor, Antonio Jimenez, who won Cienfuegos, was himself one of the early converts of the Mexican work in California developed by Dr. Vernon M. McCombs. Thus we see how each faithful convert multiplies himself again and again.

A STREET BOY

One condition which impresses the visitor to the Plaza section of Los Angeles is that of the large number of uncared-for children who live in gangs, ramble about the streets, lodge in the open, beg, kill time, swear, sing filthy songs, and engage in various other sorts of occupations to make life passably interesting. Some of the houses around here have no chairs, no sanitary conveniences, no bed, no stoves, and practically none of the furnishings which we think essential to a home. Benito was one of these boys who knew little of the meaning of a real home. The following is a description of

Benito given by a former Plaza worker, now Mrs. Esther Turner Wellman:

Benito wore on his head what was left of the crown of an old felt hat. There was a hole in this crown through which a sprig of his hair stuck out. He was barefoot. He had only one suspender and one button. I could not help but think of the responsibility of that one button. Benito's mother has had nine children. His father was in jail; he had been an expressman on the Plaza, had been accused of stealing iron. This was the third time he had been in jail. Benito's mother presented a pitiful sight one Sunday afternoon as she told me that since her husband was in jail the horse was dying. She held a pale little child in her arms which she had nursed for two years because she could not afford to buy milk for the babe. Benito told me how he had wished to help his mother, so he bought some blacking, went to the Plaza and tried to work as a boot-black. It was Saturday and he had earned twenty-five cents. He told how he had passed a restaurant; the dishes in the window made him so hungry that he decided to enter. He did not intend to spend all of his twenty-five cents, but just a little part of it and take the rest to his mother. To his disappointment as he left he did not have sufficient to pay his bill. That Sunday afternoon as he told me the story I took him in my arms and kissed him. After that Benito was always waiting on the street corner long before time for Sunday school to begin.

REFUGEES FROM ACROSS THE BORDER

The stories of the refugees who have been coming across the line from Old Mexico for

several years would fill several volumes, but the following account of a single family is typical of the experiences through which many have passed. When the members of this family were found by one of the Plaza workers, they had just arrived from Mexico; they had "bummed" their way to America, sometimes on top of trains, sometimes in freight cars. Some one gave them cold meat and crackers to keep them from starving. When they were discovered in Los Angeles it was raining; they had no stove on which to cook or by which to keep warm; there were no beds in the house and there was no food. A child in the center of the floor was crying for something to eat. In spite of these untoward circumstances they had taken into the home a little Mexican boy whose father had run off with another woman, thus increasing the family to six. The members of this family became faithful attendants at the Mission and were converted to Christianity. One of the girls, seventeen years old, was given some scripture to commit to memory, and three days later she had it all learned. The older members of the family attended night school because they wished to learn the English language and to become good Americans.

WHAT IT MEANS

Thus the stories might be multiplied of those who are being reached, both around the Los Angeles Plaza and in the more than thirty other stations in California at which Mexican work is being conducted by the Methodist Episcopal Church. If anything has been clearly demonstrated, it is the fact that the Mexicans of California can be reached by the church when once we approach them with a heart of love and sympathy. The Centenary is to help in one way or another practically every one of the fields in which work for Mexicans is now being carried on in California, and it is to make possible the opening up of new fields where the Mexicans now are entirely neglected.

We have a double responsibility for these Mexicans in the United States, for while many of them are so very needy, they are spending their lives in service for us: they pick and pack the oranges and lemons and various other kinds of fruits in California; they pick the walnuts which we enjoy so much at Christmas time and throughout the year; they build railroads and construct houses, bridges, and highways; they raise melons and every sort of garden vegetable; they produce the sugar beets out of which

millions of pounds of sugar are manufactured; they grow flowers; they herd sheep and tend cattle, and in fact, in many sections, do most all of the necessary labor. There is hardly an individual in the United States who is not more or less directly indebted to our Mexican friends for some of the necessities or comforts of life. Surely, if for no other reason than this, it is no more than fair that we should help them in the establishment of churches and Sunday schools and the creation of such conditions of life as will enable them to become good and intelligent American citizens.

CHAPTER XII

STORIES FROM GARDENA

THE Spanish-American Institute, the school for Mexican boys at Gardena, California, takes boys from ten to eighteen years of age. Many of the boys are from very poor homes and some can speak little or no English. To the workers in this school falls the fascinating task of transforming the habits, and often the very spirit, of these boys at the same time that they are learning the things prescribed in the curriculum. The education of the boys does not stop when they leave the classroom. Everything from the sleeping and eating arrangements to church attendance and Boy Scout activities is planned to make its contribution to the development of the boys.

The health of the boys is proverbially good, due to wholesome food and regular habits. The boys sleep in a screened porch and are fed a simple, well-balanced diet. It is said that a new arrival could be picked out by a stranger merely from the fact that his face is paler and his muscles more flabby. To an increasing

degree the food used at the Institute is raised on the farm belonging to the school, so that a mixture of work, gymnasium, play, and study soon builds strong bodies.

The following stories told in the words of Helen Pitner Howe, of the Institute, introduce us to some of these "real boys."

We so often think of the remark of that inimitable character, Mrs. Ruggles: "If folks would only say, 'O, children will be children,' but they won't. They'll say, 'Land o' goodness, who fetched them children up?'"

The workers at the Institute are in a state of anxiety while visitors are being entertained, or while our large family is at church, lest some boy who has been here only a short time will behave in a manner not smiled upon by the most select society. Recently there came to us a "diamond in the rough"—that is, the roughness is quite apparent; and we are hoping after much polishing, to be rewarded by the sparkle.

He arrived on Sunday morning, and his clothes were in a condition so dilapidated that he could not wear them to church. The matron searched in the closet where she keeps the donations sent in by friends and managed to find a suit. Then she buttoned him into the

first collar he had ever worn. He submitted very ungraciously.

In church the boys occupied the first few pews in the middle section, and the new boy sat on the front row. During the sermon the matron noticed his agonized efforts to turn his head, and finally to her mortification, he removed his necktie, unbuttoned his collar, rubbed his chafed neck, and then turned to observe the congregation. He explained afterward to the matron that he had to take off the stiff thing because he could not look sideways.

The superintendent had two of the boys with him to speak at a Sunday service and they were entertained for dinner at a very beautiful home. The hostess left the room for a moment and one of the boys burst out with, "O Mister, looky this rug! I saw one just like it in a store window down town, and it wasn't nearly as big as this one, and it was marked seventy-five dollars. And, O! looky that chair with those little thin legs; you couldn't sit on that without bustin' it, could you?"

Shortly after the holiday season one of the smaller boys greatly delighted a Sunday morning audience with his recitation about "Herbie Hoover." After the service an elderly gentle-

man approached him, and putting his hand on the lad's head said, "God bless you, my boy." Christmas greetings being fresh in his mind, he replied: "The same to you, mister."

Our halls are covered with heavy matting, which may not be beautiful, but is safe for unwary feet. It is not surprising, then, that when one of the boys was visiting in a home where the floors are highly polished, his feet became utterly unmanageable.

He assumed an air of composure, which he was far from feeling as he followed the hostess across the hall to the dining room; but one small rug slipped—as small rugs will—and great was his chagrin to find himself lying on the floor, gazing at the ceiling.

So many people ask if the Mexican boys are anything at all like real American boys. Boy nature is the same, regardless of nationality. The following incident could have happened anywhere:

One day before school opened last fall there came a sharp knock at the door. Before the teacher on duty could answer, the knock was repeated. When the door was opened a nervous little Mexican woman entered, leading a small boy by the hand. She was in such distress of

mind that she almost forgot to greet the teacher with the courtesy which is characteristic of the Spanish.

"The man tell me bringa my boy to dis school, and' I come queek to see it. I look in da beeg house nex' to dis an' alla dose boys fight-fight-fight! I don' wanta my Henree to fight; dey might hurt heem. Hees mamma dead; I hees aunty."

The teacher heroically overcame her desire to laugh, and explained to Henry's anxious relative that the boys were merely wrestling in the gymnasium, and that it was very good exercise for them. Aunty accepted the explanation of the horrors she had witnessed, but her uneasiness by no means disappeared.

Henry seemed to be a very shy and inoffensive sort of youngster. It was quite plain that aunty had him securely attached to her apron strings, so that no harm could befall him.

A tour of inspection was made about the ranch, and every time a group of boys was met, Henry's aunt stopped and talked excitedly in Spanish, saying that she was going to bring her boy to the school to stay, and would they please take good care of him and not ever hit him; and would they please not let any bad boys

fight him. Poor soul, she had no idea what a pit she was digging for little Henry.

The teacher took them to the gymnasium to show the little woman that the play indulged in by the boys was not only harmless but very beneficial. Henry seemed fascinated as he watched one boy after another leap over the "buck" and land on the mat. Suddenly he snatched his hand away from his aunt's and like a flash he was over the "buck" and on the mat, mixed up with four or five other boys. His aunt's face plainly pictured her amazement and disapproval. Grasping him by the arm she poured a veritable stream of talk into his unwilling ear.

Time passed, and the first day of school came. Boys were arriving throughout the entire day, keeping the matrons busy getting them settled. The afternoon brought Henry, and his aunt left him after repeated admonitions to be a good boy. She kept looking back over her shoulder, expecting to see her darling injured in some way. No doubt she wondered why Henry's father insisted upon sending him to such a dangerous place.

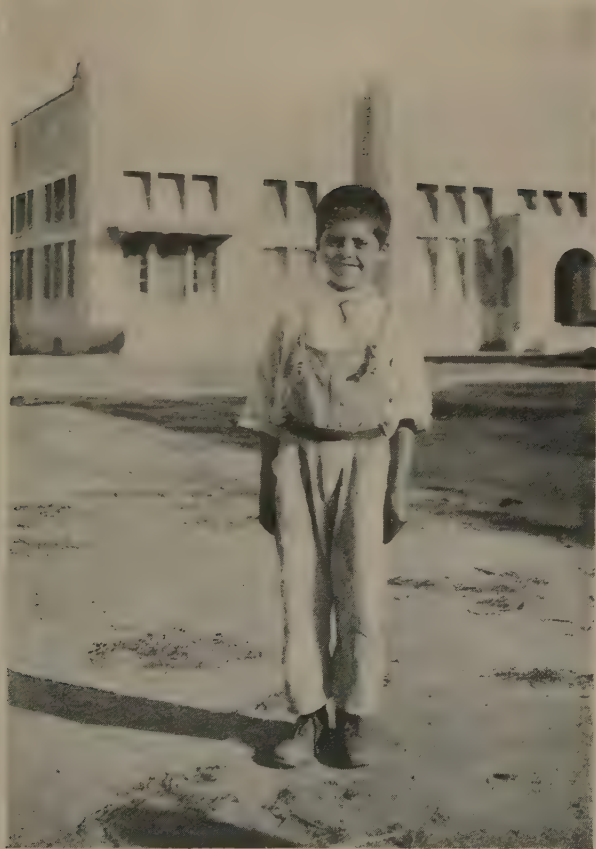
Remarks about "aunty's baby" and "fraidy cat" were apparently unheeded by Henry. He

waited, perhaps out of delicacy of feeling, for his aunt to get out of sight, and then with an energy born of long restraint, "aunty's baby" proceeded joyfully to "wipe up the earth" with the first boy his size on whom he could lay his hands. That job completed, he approached another with military precision, and Henry was a recognized member of the fraternity of real boys, proudly wearing his badge of a skinned nose, before the matron could reach the battlefield.

Of course, fighting is not permitted, and is dealt with very severely by the boys themselves in their court; but this happened on the first day of school when the Honorable Judge was not on the bench, and the Policeman was probably in the kitchen inquiring of the cook if she had forgotten how to make cakes and pies during vacation.

PEDRO, THE RUNAWAY

Have you ever seen a small boy who seemed to be strung together with wires, whose feet could never slow down to a walk but were ever skipping over the ground at a dance or a run? Well, there is such a boy at the Institute, and



Mexican Boy, Gardena, California

we will call him Pedro. He is a slender little fellow about nine years old.

Shall I let Pedro tell the story as he told it to me? Of course, you will miss the best part of all; because you cannot see the everchanging expression of his big brown eyes—the most intensely honest-looking eyes one could imagine.

“The first thing I remember I live with my papa and my mamma. They was good to me and my little brother and my sister. Then my sister got sick and they took us boys away to keep us from catching it. My sister she died. Then my mamma got sick and she had a big hole in her side—right here—and she had lots of fever. One day they took her to the hospital, and then my papa took me and my little brother to my aunt’s house, and she was good to us ’cause she was the nice one.

“After three months my papa come and told us my mamma was dead, but I didn’t believe him. He took us to a house and held our hands and we went in and there was my mamma all still in a pretty box. We cried lots, my little brother and me, and my papa cried some too. A lady told us not to cry, but we didn’t mind her, ’cause we had to cry. Then they took my mamma to a church and a preacher

talked. After that we all went in a carriage to a place where there was a big hole, and the men put the pretty box down in the ground and dropped leaves and flowers on it to keep the dirt from spoiling it.

"After that, my papa he took us to our other aunt's house, and me and my little brother cried all the time, 'cause we wanted our mamma. You know our mamma used to love us before she got sick. My papa said he couldn't keep us 'cause he had to give all his money to pay for the pretty box.

"My aunt—she had three babies and she wanted me and my little brother to take care of them all the time, and we didn't want to. She was awful mean to us and whipped us all the time. We told my papa when he came to see us that we didn't want to stay there, but he said we had to 'cause there wasn't any other place. So we stayed. At night we had to sleep on the floor with just a sheet on the boards, and oh—it was awful cold! We was dirty too, 'cause she wouldn't give us any water to take a bath for a long time, and I got lots and lots of sores on my legs.

"You know my aunt she had some bad, mean boys—and they'd eat their beans and tortillas

and leave a little on their plates and make me and my little brother eat it and it made us sick 'cause they were so dirty.

"Then my papa died 'cause his heart was sad about my mamma. So I ran away and hid in a barn in some hay and I was a long time without anything to eat. I had two matches, and I lighted them and threw them in the hay—then I ran away when the smoke got big. And some boys said I did it and then I ran awful fast and jumped into a car and hid. The train started and I hid till it stopped, and then I got out and a Mexican took me to his home and gave me something to eat.

"You know—when I was out on the street I saw two boys from that town where my aunt lives and they told her about me; so she came and got me and took me back. But I didn't want to stay, so I ran away again. Then my aunt made me stay from school 'cause she was afraid I would get away again. One day the teacher come to see why I didn't go to school, and after that there come a sort of a policeman, and he took me away from my aunt to the Detention Home.

"One day Mr. Howe come and ask me what I want to be when I get big, and I tell him 'a

painter.' And he said I'd been eating too much beans. So the judge said I could come here. You don't 'spose he'll take me away again, will he? I wouldn't go for nothing in the world! I wish he'd bring my little brother here too! he'd like it fine."

Now, may I tell you a little of what has happened to Pedro since he came to the Institute? Indeed he had been eating too many beans. He seemed to think we were having a celebration of some kind when he ate his first plain but wholesome meal. For the next few days he ate so much and with such rapidity, in spite of the remonstrances of the teacher at his table, trying to store up for the "lean days" he felt sure would come soon, that he developed a severe case of indigestion. He confided to one of the teachers that when he came the boys told him they had all they wanted to eat and had lots of fun too. He informed them that he did not believe them. But he added that the next day he did believe them.

His progress in school has been steady and sure. So trustworthy is he that the teacher sometimes permits him to have a class of smaller boys outside of school hours. The dignity of his professorship rests heavily upon him. One

day the teacher was writing on the blackboard and Pedro was at her side spelling out the words as she wrote, "The world belongs to the—" "United States!" shouted Pedro, and great was his disappointment when she added "energetic and the wise."

Best of all, the heart of the lad has been learning of the Great Teacher. Over and over he has said, "Why, I didn't know nothing about God when I came here, but now I do." And he surely does.

At Christmas time most of the boys went home for vacation. Pedro said that he would like to go back to the Detention Home to see the boys if we were sure that they wouldn't make him stay. He was allowed to spend two or three days there and when he came home he said, "I told the boys about God and the Bible, but some of them are there because they are bad boys and they laughed at me. But maybe they will remember what I said." One day on the street car Pedro sat by a man who was smoking. He seemed troubled for a few moments and finally looked up into the man's face and said, "I know something that ain't good for your heart and your brain."

The man asked, "What is it, my boy?"

“Smoking!” answered Pedro.

The man asked where he learned such things and quick as a flash came the answer, “In the school where I live.”

Not many days ago he was sent to town on an errand, and on the way he fell in with a Japanese. Pedro inquired if he were a Christian and if he read the Bible and was much troubled when the man answered in the negative. Nothing daunted, Pedro told him to get a Bible and look up a certain verse and tell him what he thought of it the next time they met.

Out of the abundance of his heart Pedro speaks, and is “instant in season and out of season,” because he wants others to learn about God as he has learned about him at the Institute. Can you estimate the good Pedro will do among his people after spending several years at the Institute, adding knowledge to the zeal which he so richly possesses?

CHAPTER XIII

GETTING CLOSE TO REAL LIFE

No one but those who do the actual work can fully understand the needs met and the varied ministry rendered by such an institution as the Plaza Community Center in Los Angeles which is serving so generously the large Mexican population in that part of the city. We cannot all share directly in the work, but the following stories told in the words of Miss Katherine B. Higgins, one of the workers, will at least give us a glimpse of the sort of situations to which the welfare department ministers.

A TELEPHONE MESSAGE

Just after reaching the office one morning the telephone rang, and upon answering, I heard an official at the County Hospital say: "We are sending out from the hospital a little Mexican mother, about eighteen years of age, and her baby, two weeks old, and we would like to put her in your care. This mother's husband was killed in Mexico by the Indians, and she was compelled to leave Mexico without even her trunk, and with but a few dollars in

her purse. The little girl, Virginia, was born on the train. The smoking compartment was turned into a hospital, and the ladies in the Pullman took some of the sheets from the bed and made clothing for this little Mexican baby. Upon arriving in Los Angeles she was brought to the hospital. We would appreciate it very much if you would take this little mother and baby in your care, and, when she is able, secure employment for her, that she may support herself and baby. She has no friends here; all her nearest relatives are in Mexico."

We immediately visited her and found her very anxious to begin work at once. However, she was not strong enough to go to work, and so we advised her to go to the clinic for medical attention, promising her employment mending clothes in our Goodwill Industries at the Plaza Community Center. One of the doctors at the clinic told his wife and mother about this little woman, and they became very much interested in her. When they found that, at our institution at the Plaza, we were providing work for the unemployed and those who never had a chance, and that we were interested in helping them to a higher plane of life, they also became interested in our institution. The baby entered

our Day Nursery, and its mother headed the list as the first employee at the Goodwill Industries, where she is learning what real Christianity is.

AT THE POLICE COURT

“Can you come over to the Police Court at once?” was another message recently heard over the wires. When we had arrived at the Police Department, the officer said: “We have a man who has been mistreating his wife and children, and who does not provide for them. He is now in jail, and when released is not capable of handling his wages. Will you kindly arrange to receive his money and see that the family is provided for?”

Upon promising to investigate the case and do what we could, we went to the “home.” It would be impossible to tell you the conditions that we found there. Sufficient to say, there were four walls, hardly enough furniture to be seen, and a garbage can filled with garbage in the room. On a bed in the corner was a child who looked to be a few months old—(we afterward learned it was nine)—struggling against death. We felt sure that it could last but a few hours, and asked God to take it home. Early

the next morning, a message called us again to the Police Court where we learned that the child had died. We went to the home at once, and as best we could, comforted the little mother, who, with her other four children, was broken-hearted over the loss of the child. As the people were very poor, and had barely enough money left from the husband's wages to pay the undertaker, they had no money to pay the priest to officiate at the funeral, and we learned that, as is almost always the case, he would not go without pay.

YLIDIA

"Where did you get it?" exclaimed the doctor, as the welfare worker carried little Ylidia into the clinic one morning and asked for an opinion.

An examination of the emaciated little body brought the quick diagnosis of "malnutrition," and an emphatic prescription of "decent food and care."

Yes, it was quite evident what she needed; but where was she to get it? In the dark, dirty, unventilated room from which she had been brought, and where she and brother Pedro spent their days while mother was out working?

Only one available institution could provide

the care, the attention, and the nutritious food that this frail bit of humanity needed.

That was the Plaza Community Center.

So it was arranged that the Welfare Department should minister daily to the needs of Ylidia, whose soiled clothing, matted hair, and grimy face and hands accentuated her starving appearance on the day she made her first visit.

Pedro brought her early each morning, and together they played in the patio all day. Plenty of milk and good food, and baths and clean clothing, brought about a wonderful transformation. At the end of three weeks Ylidia could smile, and the little limbs were even then beginning to round out.

Mother called for them after her work each day, and taking courage, readily responded to offers of assistance in cleaning the room which she and the children called home, and ridding it of the "animalitos" which inhabited the crevices in the whitewashed walls.

"NO GODS IN THERE"

Pedro, playing in the patio at the Plaza Community Center, was invited to come to Sunday school the following Sabbath.

"Where?" he asked.

"Right here in the church," teacher answered, indicating the side door of the little green building.

"That ain't a church," he said, derisively.

"What makes you think it isn't a church?"

"O, I saw it, and there ain't no gods in there. There's nothing but flags."

"THE OPEN DOOR"

Holidays are rarely known by some of the folks at the Plaza Community Center. However, Decoration Day was declared a holiday; but, owing to the rush of work, one of the workers thought that she would take advantage of the opportunity to work quietly behind closed doors.

Very soon after her arrival there was a knock at the door. Her resolution not to open the door was quickly broken, when on peering out, she saw a Mexican, with an anxious look on her face, awaiting a reply.

"Do you help folks here?" was asked when the door was opened. Receiving an affirmative answer, she poured out her story.

"I am a stranger here, no friends and nowhere to go. I must have work to-day. I met some Mexican women over there," pointing to the

Plaza, "and they told me that the people in this little house would help me to find work. The American people who brought me here to work in a hotel went away at night and left me without any money."

When asked where she stayed the night before, she said: "I don't like to tell you. When it was getting dark I had no money and no place to go. I asked a man on the street for fifty cents. He gave it to me, and I got something to eat and a bed."

CHAPTER XIV

AN INTERNATIONAL GATEWAY

To those who were following the newspapers and magazines a few years ago (1905-1907) the name of the Imperial Valley is indeed familiar. It was as a result of the attempt to irrigate this valley that the Colorado River got away from those who sought to control it and for nearly two years poured its waters in a torrent into the valley, forming the now famous Salton Sea. The story of the heroic fight with this unruly river and the final victory over it by Mr. Harriman and the Southern Pacific Railroad will long be told. So important did the matter become that President Roosevelt addressed Congress upon the subject, but Congress moved slowly and it was left for private enterprise, encouraged by President Roosevelt, to complete the conquest.

The reader is thrilled as he pictures to himself the line of new steel cars loaded with rock which were dumped into the torrent in an effort to close the break. But to the dweller in the valley it meant that the entire cost must ultimately be charged back to the land. In

spite of this early catastrophe, however, the Imperial Valley has become one of the most productive parts of the earth's surface. In the year 1918 the assessed valuation of the irrigated land in the region was approximately \$36,000,000. During the same year the value of the farm products raised was \$50,000,000. Fruit, cotton, alfalfa, melons, and many other crops grow in abundance. Brawley, in the center of the valley, is the second shipping station on the Southern Pacific in all the Southland. During the busy season it is said that three hundred carloads of the finest cantaloupes and other melons are shipped from the valley each day.

This remarkable agricultural development very naturally has brought in many settlers and of many sorts. Americans, Mexicans, Hindus, Negroes, Chinese, Japanese, and other racial groups are to be found. Prosperous towns have sprung up and churches have been built, but, in general, the churches have lagged behind the other developments. The church buildings are inadequate and Sunday school classes are forced to meet in various places, including the parsonage and the school house.

One of the most important centers in the

entire valley is formed by Calexico and Mexicali, two towns on opposite sides of the Mexican border. (For we must remember that the valley extends down into Lower California, that some of the finest land is on the Mexican side, and that even the water which irrigates the valley flows first down into Mexico and then comes northward again to water the land in the United States.)

The two towns, Calexico in the United States, and Mexicali in Mexico, have at present a population of more than sixteen thousand, six thousand living in Calexico and ten thousand across the border in Mexicali. In Calexico there are approximately four thousand Anglo-Saxons, with something over two thousand Mexicans and several hundred of the black and yellow races. In Mexicali, which incidentally is the capital of Lower California, there are some five thousand Mexicans, four thousand Chinese and Japanese, and about one thousand of other nationalities. (Lower California is included with California in the Latin American Home Mission Field of the Methodist Episcopal Church.)

These two communities are the center of this very important agricultural region, which stretches both above and below the border.

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One of the chief products of the immediate region is a very fine grade of cotton. Here are located large cotton gins, and the cotton is brought in in huge wagons from long distances. The governor of Lower California has discovered that the Chinese make much better cotton producers than do the Mexicans, and for this reason he has granted many concessions to the Chinese. A large Chinese influx has been the result. There is naturally a large import and export trade at this point between Mexico and the United States. In 1919 this totaled \$16,-200,731.

In the year 1910 there were only seven hundred and ninety-three people listed in Calexico and only six hundred and fifty in Mexicali. The very rapid growth in the decade since that time has produced certain situations which are a very direct challenge to the church. For example, in the case of Mexicali, while business interests have been rapidly developing and while the population has been increasing by leaps and bounds, the church has done almost nothing.¹ This city of ten thousand

¹ Since the above paragraph was written the Centenary has made possible the opening of a mission for Mexicans in Calexico and Mexicali.

population is almost destitute of religious ministrations, yet a recent count showed ten pool-rooms, twenty-one barrooms, two Chinese gambling houses with lotteries, one bull ring and a theater, gambling house, bar, and house of prostitution combined. This institution occupies half a block right in the center of the town. It is said that the total overhead expense of this one institution is not less than forty thousand dollars per month. Here vice reigns supreme in its most open and flagrant forms, and it cannot help but have a very harmful effect, not only upon the residents of Mexicali, but also upon the young life of Calexico.

In Calexico there are three churches with resident pastors—the Methodist Episcopal, the Congregational, and the Baptist. Of these three the Methodist Episcopal Church has perhaps the best church property, pays the largest salary and has the largest church membership and the largest Sunday school. In spite of this fact, however, the present church building is nothing but a cheap wooden structure totally inadequate to meet the needs of the congregation. When a Sunday school class, or some other organization in the church,



Just over the line in Lower California. A Methodist home missionary is just opening a Sunday school for them

desires to hold a social gathering it is necessary to take the pews out of the small auditorium, or to pile them in a corner of the room. The church is not equipped for a satisfactory program of religious education, and in many ways it finds itself poorly adapted to meet the needs of the community.

Thus we have here two great communities comprising thousands of Americans, thousands of Chinese, and thousands of Mexicans with absolutely inadequate religious facilities, or, in the case of Mexicali, with none at all. It is not surprising that such a situation as this has been brought forcibly to the attention of the Centenary, and that very definite plans have already been made for a forward movement in this region. Lots have been secured in a very desirable part of the city of Calexico—just next to the civic center—and there is to be erected in this vicinity a fine church for the English-speaking congregation in Calexico, and a block away another comfortable and adequate building in which the Mexican work can be carried on. It is expected that from this center work will be projected across the border into Mexicali, and the experience of other workers at other points on the border, especially

at Douglas, Arizona, shows how feasible this plan is.

It is doubtful whether there could be discovered anywhere in the Southwest a mission field of greater need in proportion to the size of the population, or a more strategic center for doing a piece of work, the influence of which will radiate not only all through California, but over into Old Mexico and across the ocean to China and Japan. Blue prints are drawn for the buildings and the plans are only waiting the word of command to move forward.

Just how closely related the moral problems on one side of the border are to those on the opposite side is well illustrated in the case of the liquor traffic. No sooner were the last rites said over John Barleycorn in the United States than plans were laid for carrying on the nefarious business just across the line. A large brewery is being constructed one block from the United States border in Mexicali. This is financed and will be operated by American citizens living in Calexico. The relative ease with which smuggling across the border is carried on makes this not only a direct menace to the residents of Mexicali, but also tends to nullify the effectiveness of the amendment

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recently added to the Constitution of the United States.

The following is a paragraph quoted from an exclusive newspaper dispatch dated, Calexico, January 16, 1920:

“National prohibition became effective in Calexico with customs inspectors endeavoring to hurriedly inspect and pass carload after carload of liquor which has been shipped with all possible haste to the border, consigned to Mexicali. Across the line the glasses clinked merrily and will continue to do so.”

Members of Methodist Episcopal Sunday schools should indeed count it a privilege to have a part in a home mission program which includes the meeting of some at least of the pressing moral and religious needs which exist in this immensely important international gateway.

CHAPTER XV

A WORK WORTH WHILE

WHEN you visit San Francisco you will do well to inquire for 1359 Pine Street, and some time during the day or evening make a visit to this interesting spot. It is here that the Pine Street Japanese Methodist Episcopal Church is located, and also the Anglo-Japanese School, of which Dr. Milton S. Vail is president. The advertisement of the school indicates that it provides a "thorough training in English and Japanese, including partial high school course." It further reveals the fact that there are "eight instructors, American and Japanese," and that "emphasis is placed upon moral and religious instruction." If you measure these statements and then multiply them by forty, the age of the school, you will get some idea of the significance of this important institute, which is in such a real sense the center of the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church for Japanese in the United States.

During the forenoon you might find Japanese young men sitting quietly in various rooms in

the building studying very important looking textbooks. In the evening, however, you will find these same young men, with many others, sitting under the excellent instruction of Dr. Vail and his associates. Alert, eager, and ambitious, these Japanese young men and young women give the best that is in them to the study of those things which will make them not only more like Americans, but more than that—actual Americans.

It is sometimes hard for us to understand how there can be such a thing as American-Japanese or Japanese-Americans, but possibly that is due more directly to our stupidity than to any real difficulty presented. We have American Indians, American Negroes, and many other kinds of Americans. Surely, it is not too great a stretch of the imagination to think of Japanese-Americans. As a matter of fact, we do not have to use much imagination, for we already have individuals of Japanese stock born in the United States, who, whether we call them American-Japanese or Japanese-Americans, are American citizens with all of the rights and all of the loyalties of other Americans. The Japanese, of proper age, born in the United States, entered the war; and other

Japanese residents, born in Japan, volunteered for service in the American Army. These young men delighted, and still delight, in calling themselves "one hundred per cent American."

This is distinctly in line with the traditional Japanese principle, that any Japanese moving to a new section or to a new country should be loyal to the land of his adoption. There is real danger to-day, however, that thoughtless and unjust treatment of the Japanese in the United States will bring about a reversal of this policy. In the early history of Japan, when the provinces were largely independent, it frequently happened that a Japanese would transfer his residence from one province to another. It also happened that disputes arose between provinces, and in all such cases the Japanese were taught to remain loyal to the adopted country and to uphold its honor. It is said that when Japanese come to this country they are enjoined to conduct their lives in full accord with the laws and spirit of the country in which they live. Dr. Herbert B. Johnson, superintendent of the Pacific Japanese Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, tells of two young men both trained in Methodist Japanese

Sunday schools in this country, who enlisted in the American Army. One of these young men was about to depart for camp when he received a letter from the other Japanese-American native son who was already in camp. The letter contained the following:

“I know you will live straight and be a true and loyal soldier of democracy. Don’t for a moment think that the army is full of immoral or degraded fellows. No, not by a long shot. They are few, or rather in the minority. But my advice to you is to keep your book of life a clean sheet. Use pure English and avoid and abstain from language unbecoming a true American. It is only in that way, by your actions and daily life, that you can prove to the American people the true worth of Japanese blood in an American community. You are one of the few chosen ones, and upon you and me rests a great responsibility. You are the link of friendship and the bond which will tie the East and West. All I can ask of you is to do your level best and be worthy of the people who bid you Godspeed and await the news of your progress, and last—the most important of all—be true, be loyal, be faithful to the land of lands, ‘My own United States!’ ”

There may be, and doubtless are, good and sufficient reasons for refusing to allow unlimited Oriental immigration into the United States, but there are no good and sufficient reasons for failing to treat with Christian spirit those Japanese who have already found a home in our country, and who have demonstrated not only their willingness but their ability to understand and uphold the honor of American institutions. Surely, we ought at least to give them a chance. A recent writer has said, "The Japanese are undoubtedly becoming the most intelligent of all of our alien groups. They actually eat up all American literature and education within their reach. Some of the very best book stores on the Coast are owned by Japanese and filled with works compiled in the Japanese language." The only dangerous Japanese, just as the only dangerous native son, is one who, because of ignorance, or because of lack of Christian purpose, is not fitted to take his place in the common social group. It is for us to make certain that the opportunities for education and for Christian development are such that the boys and girls and the young men and women already in this country of Japanese parentage shall have a fair chance



Japanese Methodist Episcopal Church, Oakland, California

at the good things of life. In 1915, 3,342 children of Japanese parents were born in this country. The census will tell us just how many Japanese there are in the United States. In the meantime a fair estimate is perhaps 140,000. This is not a large number to be sure, yet in many respects it represents an important element. This is true not only because of the great international question involved, but also for other reasons.

We are told that if the Japanese were suddenly ousted from California, that fair State would be deprived of 90 per cent of her strawberries and cantaloupes; 80 per cent of her onions, asparagus, tomatoes, celery, lettuce and cut flowers; 55 per cent of her cabbage and seeds; 40 per cent of her potatoes; 20 per cent of her beans; and 10 per cent of her grapes, fruits, and rice. On the same basis Oregon would be without half of her Hood River Apples, and Colorado would lose 85 per cent of her Rocky Ford melons.

Fortunately, however, in spite of anti-Japanese agitation, we are not thinking of deporting either our American citizens of Japanese extraction, or our Japanese friends to whom we refuse citizenship. Instead we face the much

more interesting and promising opportunity of helping them to live with us as we with them—on terms of mutual helpfulness and Christian friendship. This is the task of the church, and with it definite progress is being made.

In 1916 there were listed 78 churches or missions among the Japanese in the United States. Of these 23 are Methodist Episcopal institutions, of which 16 are regularly organized churches in California. A considerable staff of workers has been assembled; most of these are regular Conference members, 90 per cent of whom are graduates of theological schools either in this country or in Japan. These men have been in the service of the church for varying periods up to twenty years, and their faithfulness and Christian character have been thoroughly demonstrated.

There are now more than 40 Japanese missions west of the Mississippi River, and one half of these belong to the Methodist Episcopal Church; the others are largely Presbyterian and Congregationalist. There is a fine spirit of cooperation among the workers. During the past year every one of the Methodist Japanese churches, with one exception, raised its entire benevolence quota in full. This

included, of course, the Centenary apportionment. Quite apart from the raising of this money several Japanese congregations went ahead with the purchase of valuable lots for the erection of new church buildings, and also raised money for the buildings. They do not ask to be relieved of their Centenary quota in order to do this for themselves, but they are apparently glad to do both things. Some of the Japanese churches are most carefully planned and are unusually attractive and well adapted to the needs of the communities which they serve.

It seems to be characteristic of the Japanese to scatter out in our big cities rather than to colonize in particular sections as do the Chinese. The location of Japanese churches in cities is, therefore, often chosen with reference to convenient lines of transportation, as the Japanese must come in to some common center in order to share in the services. This is quite distinctly in contrast to the situation which we find in our Chinatowns in numerous large cities.

We must remember, however, that most of the Japanese when they come to this country are Buddhists, and they must, therefore, be won to Christianity, if Christianity is to affect their

lives. Already there are practically as many Buddhist temples in the United States as there are Japanese Christian churches, and this presents a real challenge to the church. The wonder is not that there are so many Buddhists, but, rather, that there are so many Christians when so many difficulties have been placed in their way.

The Methodist Episcopal Church is fortunate in having such a man as Dr. Johnson in charge of its Japanese work on the Pacific Coast. For seventeen years he was a missionary in Japan, and now for fifteen years he has had charge of the Japanese work on the coast. His long experience and intimate association with the Japanese provide just the background needed for the work.

At the time of the earthquake and fire in San Francisco, Dr. Johnson, living in Berkeley, was unable to get across the river. Native Japanese Christians in San Francisco, at the risk of life, entered the church, took some of the most valuable records, a picture of Bishop Harris, and the pulpit Bible, and carried them out in the back yard and buried them in the ground. After the fire was over these valuable records were found uninjured. This is only one inci-

dent revealing the loyalty of these Japanese Christians to the work and their devotion to their friends and leaders. On special occasions this church is filled to overflowing with its Japanese congregations.

As we come to know and appreciate these fine Japanese people who have found their homes among us, and as we talk with men like Dr. Johnson and others who have spent years in working with and for them, we become convinced that the solution of the Japanese problem in the United States is not inflammatory articles in newspapers and rampant anti-Japanese propaganda from the platform, but, rather, the application of Christianity in its broadest terms, with all that it implies of brotherhood, cooperation, and justice; and we are sometimes inclined to believe that if we are ever to live together as we ought to live, this application must be as generous among our native-born sons as among our more recently arrived Japanese friends. The great facts of life are not shades of complexion and features of countenance, but, rather, spiritual facts, and the community of ideals which we seek in this country may be worked out with people of varying shades of color, provided we have the

willingness and the determination to meet every well-intentioned individual half way, and give each, regardless of his antecedents, an opportunity to live and to serve under conditions befitting a child of the living God. It is with this aim in view that the Centenary is strengthening the already fine work for Japanese which had its beginnings in Dr. Vail's school some forty years ago.

CHAPTER XVI

ON AN INDIAN RESERVATION

THE earliest explorers and settlers in America began the work of preaching the gospel to the American Indian and they found him receptive to the Christian message. To-day, however, after centuries have passed there still remain perhaps forty thousand of unevangelized Indians. This situation is not due to the fact that Indians are less responsive to Christianity than other peoples among whom missionary work has been done (although sometimes the selfish acts of white men toward the Indian have spoken louder than their words), but, rather, to the fact that the task has not been definitely faced in its entirety. We have done much talking about the needs of the Indian, but we have often lacked an earnest and intelligent approach to the real task.

According to the 1910 census, there were living representatives of 280 Indian tribes in the United States proper, while in Alaska 21 other tribes were found, with 45 additional Eskimo tribes. Probably 100 tribes of Indians

have become extinct since the discovery of America. Sometimes this has been due to the amalgamation of tribes rather than to the actual extinction of the tribal line. While there are little data at hand on which the actual number of Indians in the United States in 1492 can be accurately determined, it is estimated by James Mooney, a United States government expert, that the number reached more than 1,000,000. There are at present about 330,000 Indians in the United States. Inter-marriage between whites and Indians has been common and still continues. In 1910 thirty-three per cent of the total number of Indians was of mixed white descent. In many cases, however, entire groups of Indians are unclaimed by any church.

In adjusting himself to the ways of civilization the Indian has not always found his path an easy one. Tuberculosis has carried off many Indians, and other diseases have been fostered by their crude attempts to change their methods of life. As the years have passed, however, the Indian has learned many things, and now he adapts himself to the white man's way of living with relative ease, and many of the younger Indians have demonstrated their ability

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to move forward rapidly when they have once set themselves to tasks which fit in with modern life and practice. During 1917 the Indians purchased \$4,500,000 worth of Liberty bonds and thousands of Indian young men went voluntarily into the national service.

More than one third of the Indians to be found in the United States live in Oklahoma. Arizona, South Dakota, New Mexico, California, and Minnesota also have many Indians, and they are scattered throughout other States, both in the West and the East.

The method of the government in dealing with the Indians has probably not always been wise. Conditions have been created which made it possible for the Indian to live with little or no work, and he has been left to do as he desired. Now, however, he is being taught how to raise crops properly, and in some cases he is required to till his own plot of ground. Some of the Indians work as section hands on the railroad, some make trinkets, others herd cattle or sheep and engage in many other occupations.

The organized missionary activities of the Methodist Episcopal Church grew out of the work of John Stewart among the Wyandotte

Indians; and Jason Lee, one of the most famous home missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was a missionary to the Indians. At present the church is at work among nineteen tribes, but the property equipment is poor, and the helpers are too few. Already, however, a new day is beginning to dawn. Fields are being surveyed, special Indian workers assigned, and better equipment will be forthcoming as the work of the Centenary progresses.

Perhaps the story of a single field will help us to understand something of the complex situation which is to be found on many of our Indian reservations which are now being opened up for white settlers.

The town of Toppenish is located in the Yakima Indian Reservation in the State of Washington. For many years the Methodist Episcopal Church has been at work in this field, but here, as in many other places on the frontier, it has not in the past had the courage or the resources to face its total task. Some years ago there was erected here a small wooden church building. Later, a hole was dug under this building and the hole was christened a "basement." Owing to the fact that this region is in the midst of an Indian reservation



The public school in this community was started years ago in this church. There are now several school buildings representing large investments, but the inadequate church building remains unaltered.

it was impossible for a long time to get money for the erection of a public school building. The first school in the community was, therefore, organized and conducted in the Methodist Episcopal church. As the years have passed more and more of the Indian land has been opened up and sold to white settlers. The land which is still held by the Indians is largely rented, so that the number of white settlers has steadily increased, and the town of Toppenish has grown until it has a population of three thousand. To-day there are an accredited high school and two good grade-school buildings, representing an investment of many thousands of dollars, and the citizens have recently voted bonds for a new high school building to cost one hundred thousand dollars. In the meantime the church is using the same little building in which it began its work and in which the public school was organized. Not long ago, during the winter season, the basement was flooded, and, as this put the furnace out of commission, the building was entirely useless for some weeks.

Within the immediate vicinity of Toppenish reside some one thousand Indians who are almost entirely uncared for religiously. They are in all stages of civilization, varying from

the long-haired blanket Indian to the well-educated and cultured, although those in the latter class are very few indeed. The government maintains a school for Indian children at Fort Simcoe, thirty miles west of Toppenish, where Indian girls and boys may be educated as far as the fourth grade, but as no compulsory education law is enforced, relatively few of the children attend this school, and it is very rare indeed that any of them attend the public school. The Methodist Episcopal Church has a mission among the Indians on this reservation—some twenty miles due west of Toppenish—but the distance is so great that this work does not affect the Indians around Toppenish. It is a double tragedy that these Indians are so seriously neglected by the church, since there are indications that their ancestors did have direct relations with the early missionaries who sacrificed so much to carry the gospel to them. Only recently a visitor to the community picked up a local newspaper and discovered that one of a group of Indians just arrested for drunkenness was named Jason Lee. Other Indians by the name of Wesley are common. Their adoption of Methodist names indicates a previous connection with Methodist Episcopal

missionaries, although they seem to know little of the religion for which the church stands.

The physical needs among the Indians are outstanding. The government estimates that of the three thousand Indians on the entire reservation, more than eleven hundred are suffering from tuberculosis and five hundred from trachoma. Practically one half of the deaths recorded in a recent year were from tuberculosis. The number of deaths and the number of births among them seem to be about equal, so that they are just about maintaining their numbers.

The situation in Toppenish is further complicated by the fact that the Mormons have selected this wonderful fertile valley for the erection of a sugar refinery. Millions of bushels of sugar beets are grown here and a new sugar factory representing an investment of a million dollars has been completed and is in operation. This, of course, means that Mormons are moving into the valley. Although the prime motive back of the move is economic rather than religious, a Mormon Sunday school is being conducted and services are held.

There are also a considerable number of Japanese who have moved into Toppenish and

the immediate vicinity and they are largely uncared for religiously and socially, although there are one hundred and twenty-five of them who have expressed a desire to learn English.

It is little wonder that the pastor here in Toppenish is overwhelmed by the variety of needs which present themselves to him. Fortunately, this is one of the fields which is to receive help from the Centenary. A new building is to be made possible, and from it there should radiate influences which will touch all of the various elements in this unique community. It is already proposed that a deaconess be secured to begin work among the Indians. Such an individual could render a large ministry by going into the Indian homes, assisting in establishing sanitary conditions, and incidentally gaining the confidence of the Indians, for, unfortunate as it may be, the fact remains that the Indians have been so thoroughly exploited by the white man that they are suspicious of him and of his religion.

This town, and the communities adjoining, are destined to have a large and substantial growth. Congress has committed itself to an irrigation project here involving \$1,500,000 and this will make available a very large addition

to the productive territory already in the valley. Sugar beets, alfalfa, wheat, potatoes, and many other crops are grown in abundance, and many cattle are raised.

So far as the people in Toppenish and vicinity are concerned about religion they are predominantly Protestant. A Catholic priest comes in from time to time to minister to the Indians, although only a small proportion are even nominally Catholics.

Toppenish furnishes a good illustration of a field which has so many difficult problems that we must take hold of them energetically, or else confess defeat, and Christians are not of the sort to do the latter. The Centenary is going to help the church here with a task for which it has long been responsible, but which it has done altogether too poorly in the past.

CHAPTER XVII

A MODERN MIGRATION AND SOME THINGS INVOLVED IN IT

MIGRATIONS did not cease when the children of Israel reached the promised land. Instead the history of the human race since that time, as well as before, might easily be summed up as one continuous series of migrations. There is always an alluring "promised land" inviting those who seek larger opportunities in life, and the story of the human race consists mainly of the account of journeys to some land of promise and the things which happened after the journeys were completed.

To tell the entire story of the recent northward migration of the Negro in the United States would be to unfold a panorama of human hopes, fears, disappointments, illusions, and fulfillments which would fill many volumes. The high wages offered by wartime industries seems to have been the factor which started the northward stream, but many other forces had a part in the process. Better educational opportunities for the children, larger social

freedom, and many other advantages, real or anticipated, proved so compelling that practically one out of every ten Negroes throughout all the Southland pulled up stakes and started for the North. From every quarter and from all walks of life they came; those who had money and those who had none; those who knew a trade and those who were unskilled; those who were educated and those who were ignorant. They came by the thousands to Chicago, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Detroit, Pittsburgh, New York, Newark, and scores of other places. They came to communities ill-prepared to receive them, and since their coming they have been jostled and crowded and forced to live in great confusion under the most unsatisfactory conditions. Many of the anticipated benefits have proved to be illusions, and when these colored people have turned to the church for comfort they have been told there is no room for them. A larger percentage of colored people are church members than of any other racial group in the United States, yet the October (1919) issue of *World Outlook* tells us that in Cleveland, with a Negro population of 25,000 and a church membership of 8,000, the combined seating capacity of all the colored

churches is only 4,000. A Negro minister in Philadelphia held revival services in a tent, but when the meeting was over he was confronted with the following dilemma: 10,000 people wanted to attend his church, but he had seats for only 1,000. In the Park Street Methodist Episcopal Church, of Cincinnati, where the colored population has doubled since 1916, the church and the Sunday school room are continually taxed beyond their capacities. Detroit, with a colored population said to approximate 50,000, has church seating space for 18,000. One congregation, which two years ago numbered twenty-eight, now fills a theater each Sunday for its services. And so the instances might be multiplied to demonstrate that the Negro who was a church member and a church attendant in the South cannot even find seating room in the churches of the North. Various temporary expedients are being adopted to meet this unusual situation. One church holds three services each Sunday, others ask their members who come to church in the morning to stay away in the evening. For special meetings theatres are used and outdoor services are held. Classes meet in homes when there is no room in the church.

Naturally enough, the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension has given careful attention to these very pressing needs, and the Centenary plans involve substantial expenditures for the support and development of Negro churches, religious philanthropies, and educational enterprises. These items include the building of 83 new churches for northern Negroes and help in the maintenance of 116 new workers. The responsibility of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the Negro is large, for it is a well-known fact that an overwhelming percentage of Negro church members are either Methodist or Baptist.

Possibly the story of one church will help us to understand something of the possibilities of this work. The story is so closely connected with the life of a single individual, however, that we must know something about him before we can thoroughly understand the work.

The Rev. Charles A. Tindley, one of the most effective Negro preachers in America, did not have many advantages as a boy. It is said that at seventeen he had hardly seen the inside of a book or a church. It took him twenty years to work his way through school, but he did the task and finally received his degree

from Bennett College in North Carolina. Seventeen years ago he became pastor of the East Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church in Philadelphia. At that time the church had 150 members and Dr. Tindley could not collect enough from them to pay a janitor. Now there are 4,700 members and the church is crowded to the doors every Sunday.

The ministry of this church is not limited to a preaching service. The Sunday school has an enrollment of nearly 4,000, although there is room for only 700 in the Sunday school room. Nearly 50 different class meetings are held. For special services a theater is rented and the attendance has been as high as 5,000, with 1,500 turned away for lack of room. Street and doorstep services are held on Sunday; an employment bureau is maintained, people in dire need are cared for, strangers are met at the train, a training school is conducted with classes in domestic science, bookkeeping, shorthand, typewriting, and millinery.

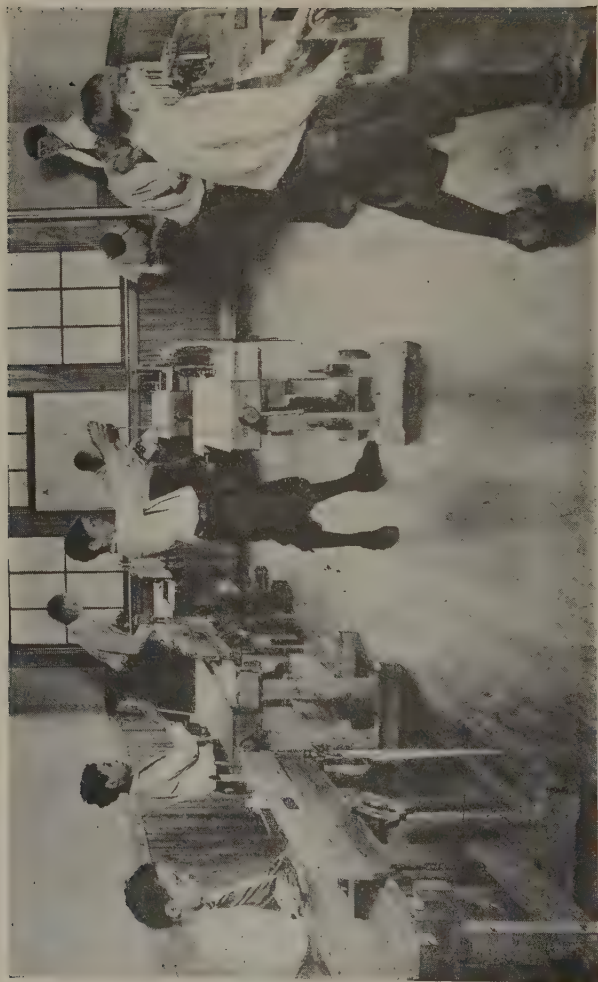
The good work has not stopped there, however, for Dr. Tindley has cooperated in the opening up of suburban communities for Negroes so that the intense congestion in Philadelphia might be relieved. How needful

this work is evidenced by the fact that the Board of Health in Philadelphia was moved recently to make a special investigation to discover the cause of the enormous death rate among Negro babies.

Thus we might continue to enumerate the good things which are being done here in East Calvary in spite of the fact that the equipment with which Dr. Tindley and his associates work is most inadequate. It is here that the Centenary will make a genuine contribution to the work, for a fine new church is to be erected in place of the present unsatisfactory building, a church planned and equipped to minister to the multitudinous needs of this greatly increased Negro population. This is one of six enterprises for colored people in Philadelphia which are to be strengthened by the members of Methodist churches and Sunday schools through their Centenary gifts to the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension, and similar projects are to be carried out in other cities. At present there are 150 colored Methodist Episcopal churches for Negroes in the North.

The missionary work of the Methodist Episcopal Church was begun by a Negro. It is both fitting and right, now that the Negro

is in special need, that the church should do its utmost to minister in such an efficient manner that these strangers in a strange land may be enabled to take their places in the communities to which they have come as self-respecting, intelligent, well-conducted Christian citizens.



Class in Wood-Working, Morgan Memorial Church, Boston

CHAPTER XVIII

HEADQUARTERS FOR GOODWILL

IF you were to start at the city of Boston on the Atlantic Coast and travel south and west until you came to Los Angeles or San Francisco, you might find (that is, if you knew where to look) a chain of institutions operated under the direction of the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension of the Methodist Episcopal Church which would surprise you. A wise man once said that "there is nothing new under the sun," but, granting that, we can still say that the idea of the Goodwill Industries worked out by Dr. E. J. Helms, of the Morgan Memorial Church in Boston, and now extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, comes as near being new as anything can be.

When Dr. Helms began his work in one of the most needy sections of Boston he had few theories which he desired to exploit, but he did have a keen desire to minister to the needs of the people in his parish. He discovered many things and he was able to minister in many ways, and

while the Goodwill Industries represent only one of numerous phases of a large work which grew out of the discovery of needs and the attempt to minister to them, they have played an important part in the remaking of that particular section of Boston until from being one of the worst sections of the city it has become in some respects one of the best. In brief, Dr. Helms discovered that many of his people were very poor and, therefore, unable to purchase the things which they needed. He also discovered that some of these same people were not equipped to hold a good job even if they secured one. Because of sickness, physical accidents, or other contributing causes, persons who could do only a limited amount of work found it impossible to secure satisfactory employment. Even the employment agency run in connection with the church could not find places for these people.

It also occurred to Dr. Helms that in the homes of people who were more prosperous thousands of dollars' worth of clothing, furniture, and other household articles were continually being cast aside, either to be retained in storerooms or to be thrown away. Putting these various facts together, there was worked

out the plan whereby in the homes of Boston "opportunity bags" were placed, and from time to time these bags, containing the cast-off shoes, clothing, furniture, household equipment, and other articles discarded in the homes, were collected and brought to the Goodwill Industries headquarters. The fumigating, cleaning, and repairing of these articles furnished employment for hundreds and ultimately thousands of workers, and when they were put into proper shape for use they were sold through the Goodwill Industries stores at a nominal price to individuals who very much needed them and who could not afford to pay the higher prices demanded for newer articles.

Just how this plan works out in connection with the Employment Bureau maintained is perhaps best described in an account of what happened recently at Boston. One morning the following note was found on the desk:

"Please send some one to scrub up the rooms of Grandma M., No. 59 — Street. She is sick and the place is filthy beyond description."

The first applicant for work that day was a woman needing work to earn fuel for her home where she had sick children and a rheumatic husband who could not go out. The woman

gladly offered to scrub the attic home of sick Grandma M. if she could get fuel for her sick family.

The second applicant was a man converted in the mission the night before. He was ragged and filthy and wanted to get out of his whisky clothes. His conversion was proved genuine, for he jumped at the chance, in return for a clean suit, to saw wood and carry coal for the sick family of the woman scrubbing the home of Grandma M.

The third applicant was a woman needing shoes for her children that they might go to school. She was given opportunity to earn these shoes by repairing and cleaning the clothes needed by the converted drunkard who was sawing the wood and toting the coal needed by the sick family of the woman who was scrubbing up the filthy home of poor, sick Grandma M.

The fourth applicant was a cobbler whose own business had run down and who had sought everywhere for work and failed. He left at home that morning a wife and infant three days old and five other little children crying for bread. In his despair this Russian-Jewish cobbler came to the Morgan Memorial

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asking for work. At once he was put to work in the cobbling department repairing the shoes needed by the children of the woman who was repairing the garments for the man who was providing the fuel needed by the family of the woman who was scrubbing up the filthy home of sick Grandma M.

The fifth applicant was a discouraged printer. He was the victim of furniture installment or loan sharks who had come and taken most all his household goods away. He was set to work in the printing department printing some handbills to advertise the business of the Russian cobbler who was helping his own family by repairing the shoes for the woman who was repairing the clothing for the man who was providing the fuel for the family of the woman who was scrubbing for Grandma M.

The sixth applicant for work was a carpenter who was able to minister to his need by repairing the very furniture needed by the printer who printed the handbills for the cobbler who helped his own destitute family by repairing the shoes needed by the children of the woman who repaired the clothing needed by the converted drunkard who sawed the wood for the fire needed by the family of the woman who

worked to scrub up the home of sick Grandma M.

In spite of the fact that this sounds like a fairy tale it is an accurate picture of what is continually taking place at Morgan Memorial.

The Goodwill Industries, which have developed to such remarkable proportions, not only furnish physical relief on a self-respecting basis to many who need it and teach trades to many who are unskilled, but they also build new lives and new characters and bring hope and cheer and comfort to many who have known little sympathy and who, because of unfortunate circumstances, cannot seem to get a start in life.

The stories of human lives which have been remade in one way or another through this fine service are too numerous to mention. If you go into the headquarters of the Goodwill Industries in Denver, you might see there a man who looks to be happy, and in this respect his looks are not deceiving, and he also appears to be well. As a matter of fact, this man had tuberculosis and was so weak that he could not do ordinary labor. He had come to Colorado for his health; the Goodwill Industries got hold of him and gave him an opportunity

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to drive a wagon, collecting the opportunity bags. The outdoor activity and the light work gave the man a chance to earn a living and to regain his health at the same time. His love for and praise of the Goodwill establishment is beyond measure.

If you continue your journey and stop off in Los Angeles, you might discover a little Mexican woman, with small command of English, working away at a sewing machine. This woman is earning her living in connection with the Goodwill Industries, established for the Mexicans in Los Angeles, while her daughter, who was formerly stenographer to Madero, when he was President of Mexico, is studying in the Missionary Training School at San Francisco in order to prepare herself as a missionary to work among her own people. And so the stories might be multiplied wherever the work is being started, and this includes some fifty cities scattered over the United States.

This idea has not succeeded by mere accident, but rather by sheer hard work. It was a distinct venture of faith in its beginning, but the idea has grown and the work has become so successful that most of the Goodwill Industries

become self-supporting from the very first, and even produce a small revenue. The only cost which is chargeable against missionary funds is, in most cases, the initial cost of building and equipment. In Los Angeles recently there has been presented to the Goodwill Industries a very large building almost across the street from the post office. This is to be the home of the Goodwill Industries, which have previously been housed in rented and less desirable quarters. Philadelphia and Pittsburgh have recently secured fine locations and many other centers are being opened.

In San Francisco, the Rev. Samuel Quickmire, upon his own responsibility, started a Goodwill Industries after spending some time in Boston studying Dr. Helms's methods. Mr. and Mrs. Quickmire put \$1,000 of their own money into the enterprise and on that \$1,000 did over \$26,000 worth of business the first year, over \$50,000 the second year, and over \$80,000 the third year. Less than \$300 has been given to this plant outside of the original gift of the founders. Now, however, a new property is to be purchased and a Goodwill store opened in Oakland. All these centers are carefully organized with responsible local committees who

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work in cooperation with the representatives of the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension. The Centenary is making possible the extension of this now thoroughly tested method of service.

It must not be thought, however, that the exclusive end of the Goodwill Industries is to stop material want; the stories of moral and spiritual fruitage are as numerous as those of material relief. The spirit which prevails in these Goodwill centers is remarkable. The workers gather for a devotional service before they take up the work of the day, and although the attendance at these services is not compulsory most of the workers are eager to attend. Throughout all the activities there is the finest spirit of devotion, cooperation, and helpfulness, for each one has the joy of knowing that not only is he receiving for himself, but he is also contributing to the happiness and welfare of others. Hundreds who are first interested in the Goodwill Industries later become regular attendants at church and Sunday school. The watchword of the Goodwill Industries is "Not charity but a chance," and it is indeed a chance which thousands of more or less unfortunate individuals are finding through this ministry.

So effective has the work become that requests have already been received to have similar centers opened in Mexico City, Buenos Ayres, Lima, Peru, and other places.

CHAPTER XIX

A LARGE CHURCH AND A LARGE PROGRAM IN A LARGE CITY

IF all the people in the parish of the Rev. Robert Stephenson, pastor of the Halsted Street Methodist Episcopal Church, should decide to come to church some Sunday morning, forty-nine thousand of them would be unable to find seats in the church. The boys and girls alone in this neighborhood would make a good-sized city, yet they live in one small section of the great city of Chicago. Few cities have played or are destined to play larger parts in the history of our country than has Chicago, yet the Chicago of the future is to-day very largely in the keeping of the seemingly irresponsible boys and girls who throng her streets. The things which we can do for them will bear large fruitage in the days which are to come.

The history of the religious life of Chicago never can be adequately written unless it contains an account of the work of the Halsted Street Institutional Church, located at 1935 South Halsted Street, Chicago—in the heart of

a densely populated foreign tenement district of that great city. This institution, which has maintained its ground and increased the extent of its work in the face of a situation which has discouraged many other churches, not only has made a name for itself, but also has performed a unique service to its community. A pioneer in institutional work, it has demonstrated its ability to understand the needs of its constituency and to minister in an intelligent, sympathetic, and Christlike manner to the wonderfully varied population found in its immediate vicinity. This church is set down in a congested section of Chicago. A circle drawn with it as a center and with a radius of one half mile would comprise fifty thousand people of twenty-five nationalities. In the face of ignorance and poverty this church is moving steadily forward with a program of work intended to replace darkness with light and neglect with opportunity.

Just to mention the various activities which are carried on by the Halsted Street church would be to build a long list. Recently a count of attendance was made and in one normal week three thousand six hundred and nine people took part in the activities conducted within the

four walls of this institution and the number reached indirectly on the outside cannot be determined. The Sunday school alone has a membership of more than 1,000 and a regular attendance of 600. This is said to be the largest Sunday school in an institutional church in Methodism. The work for the boys and girls does not stop with the Sunday school, however. On Monday evenings pictures are shown and 750 children are on hand to see them. Bible stories, prayers, and gospel songs form a regular part of the program of the occasion. Under the supervision of a physical director, classes of various ages for both boys and girls meet at stated hours. The girls are taught to bake and to cook and to sew. These cooking clubs meet each day, the younger girls coming immediately after school and the older girls in the evening. Here relative food values are taught and the careful preparation of food and the care of dining room and kitchen are not only explained, but demonstrated by the girls themselves.

For the boys a regular industrial school is conducted every Saturday forenoon at nine-thirty and two evenings each week following a devotional service of gospel songs, prayer, and

Bible stories. The school is divided into classes for printing, cooking, basketry, book binding, pyrography, brass piercing, and art crafts. During the summer a Daily Vacation Bible School is conducted for five weeks. The total enrollment last year was 412, with eleven nationalities represented as follows: Slovak, 114; Bohemian, 94; Lithuanian, 92; German, 29; American, 26; Polish, 20; Italian, 10; Irish, 8; Croatians, 6; English, 4; Austrian, 1.

Following a devotional service, which includes gospel songs, prayers, Bible stories, talks on health, habit, and other similar subjects, the children engage in various kinds of industry from hammock-making to dressmaking, knitting, and crocheting.

The work is not altogether confined to the children, however, for a mothers' club meets every Wednesday afternoon from one to four o'clock. The mothers of the community are taught to utilize second-hand garments by mending or making them over, and also how to make garments from new material. After sewing for two hours each mother receives a fifteen-cent check which she may use in buying the clothing she has made or repaired. The work period is always followed by music, helpful

talks, and refreshments. A special playroom is maintained for small children with a competent woman in charge, thus leaving the mothers free to sew. Many times the services of an interpreter are necessary in order that the members of the mothers' club may understand each other. Many of the members do not speak English. This club is but a stepping-stone to participation in other activities of the church, and many of the mothers, who first became interested through this club, are now regular attendants at the church and Sunday school services..

A free medical dispensary is conducted and is open six days each week. This is a great boon to the poor people of the community who need medical attention. When the doctors arrive they usually find a line of patients waiting for them. All hospital work is taken to the Wesley Memorial Hospital. Something of the size of the field for which this church is responsible may be gathered from the fact that it is not only set down in the midst of a population of fifty thousand, but it is the only foreign- and English-speaking Protestant church (except a small Mennonite mission), and the only social settlement for the entire community.

Owing to the fact that the church is located in the midst of a foreign-speaking people it must often proceed along lines somewhat different from those mapped out in an ordinary church. Most of the people attending the distinctly religious services of the church were first interested through some of the institutional activities.

In one way at least the church is ministering to a considerable number of individuals who live in other parts of the city, for it conducts at the noon hour a cafeteria lunch room, where people who work in the stores, factories, offices, and schoolrooms in this vicinity appreciate the opportunity of eating tasty well-cooked food in a clean, well-lighted and ventilated room.

In spite of the fact that such a wonderful program of work has been carried on for so many years the present equipment is very old and altogether inadequate to the needs. Recognizing this, the Centenary is assisting in the building of a new plant for the carrying on of this very excellent work. It is to be located near the present institution, and it will make possible an even more efficient and more extensive work. The pastor connected with this church for the past five years, says that

the Sunday school can easily be increased to fifteen hundred when they are equipped with rooms and teachers to take care of the situation. Surely, this does not seem unreasonable when we remember that there are twenty thousand boys and girls in the community.

In addition to the work carried on within the walls of the church, much relief work is done in the homes; coal, food, bedding, and new and second-hand clothing are given out when cases of need are discovered by visitors in the homes. Many pitiful cases come to the attention of the church and the amount of supplies distributed reaches into the thousands of dollars' worth every year. Often, however, owing to the scarcity of funds the help given is inadequate to meet the needs.

During the summer outings are arranged for the children and for the mothers, so that they can get out for a few days or a week into the country, where the air is pure and where rest amid the grass, the trees, and the flowers, together with an abundance of good food, does much to bring back the strength of those who have lived during the most of the year under conditions with which it is very difficult for the human body to contend. A summer camp

located at Lake Bluff, Illinois, under the direction of two capable workers, houses scores of boys and girls during the summer months for a period of seven days each.

CHAPTER XX

AN INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT MAKES A NEW TASK FOR THE CHURCH

IN our childhood we used to hear about fairies who by the waving of wands wrought wonderful transformations to suit their fancies, and our sense of wonder and admiration was deeply stirred. In these days, however, we witness greater feats than our childish imagination could picture, and we take them as a matter of course, yet the achievements of fairies and giants were but child's play in comparison with the achievements of modern industry. One of these modern miracles has recently been worked in Northern Indiana.

In the year 1906 most of what is known as the Calumet region of northern Indiana, which now has a population of a hundred and fifty thousand, was nothing but a waste of sand dunes. That year the first shovelful of dirt was turned to make way for what is now the city of Gary, Indiana, with a population of eighty thousand. The story of the remarkable growth of Gary

and the regions adjacent is of great interest, both from an industrial standpoint and in its bearing upon our task as Christians. This region was chosen as a center by vast industrial concerns because of its peculiarly fortunate situation. It is located upon the magnificent inland waterway system of the Great Lakes and is soon to be connected by canal with the Mississippi River system. It is said that ninety per cent of the east and west railroad traffic of the United States passes through this region. A glance at the map indicating the large trunk lines which parallel each other here will tend to confirm the truth of this estimate. To the north and west lie great iron ore deposits, and to the south and east are large coal beds. A circle with a radius of five hundred miles is said to include mines producing 85 per cent of all the iron and coal mines in America, and more than half the production of the entire world. If this iron and coal should travel toward each other, their best possible meeting place would be the Calumet region in which Gary is located. Then, too, at the very door of this region are the greatest markets for iron and steel products.

The soil here is wonderfully adapted to the

needs of the situation. The loose sand can easily be disposed according to the wish of man; harbors can be dredged out anywhere; and simply by digging to moist sand the most perfect possible foundation for heavy buildings is secured. The wet sand is so hard that pilings can no more be driven into it than into cement. It is a better foundation than rock itself because it never cracks, never shifts, and never sinks.

The captains of industries, recognizing all these advantages, have poured in money like water here. To them it has been a small matter to move a whole railroad system for many miles to get it out of the way, or to pick up a river and carry it over to a proper bed where it could better serve them, or to reverse the direction of a river's flow. They have dragged down the high places, filled up the low places, dredged out great harbors, and built mills that stand at the top of the list in the magnitude of their production. The giants of ancient days performed small tasks compared with these.

Of course a great city with vast enterprises could not spring up without bringing in a multitude of people. And people have been coming

to this region from the ends of the earth. Italians, Bohemians, Hungarians, Czecho-Slovaks, Roumanians, Greeks, Poles, Servians, Croatians, and many, many others have found their way to Gary. The present Negro population of Gary is twelve thousand. Nine thousand of these have come since 1916.

Practically eighty per cent of the population is either foreign born or of foreign parentage, and approximately one half of the entire population cannot speak or read the English language. Many of the groups cannot understand each other, so this new and wonderful city, while in America, can hardly be said to be of America.

Its people are somewhat in the position of those described by a certain pastor who remarked, "My folks do not live in America—America goes on over their heads."

Naturally in such a community religious problems are rather complex. The need of the human soul is as great in Gary as in any other part of the world, but the difficulties of carrying on a substantial ministry are numerous. Most of the people are working for wages, and, while those wages are relatively large, there is always the chance of losing one's job. This intensifies the difficulty of securing local contributions

even from the small percentage of people who have thus far been reached by the church. There are, of course, many Catholics in the community, but a considerable percentage of the nominally Catholic population has no relation with any church and is open to the ministry of Protestant agencies. There is no accumulated wealth in this region. The capitalists who own the industries do not live here. It is difficult to secure either money or workers locally. The mass of the people represent not religious resources, but religious needs.

The church has done some very good work in Gary. Several different denominations are at work in the city. But, compared to the need, the story of the religious work in this region is chiefly one of neglect by the Protestant Church. The men who have directed the industries of this region have been men of vision, and they have done things in a large way regardless of cost. But, so far, the church has lacked the resources which would enable it to deal in an adequate way with the immense conglomerate mass of humanity so much needing to be served. Men and money must be sent in from the outside if the church is to perform its duty in Gary and the region roundabout.

The Centenary program proposes the strengthening of the churches already properly located in the region, the provision of new buildings where new buildings are needed, and the making possible through these new buildings, and through a much larger and more varied staff of workers, of a comprehensive religious program. One minister to a church cannot carry on the necessary religious and social ministry needed among such a population. The Board of Home Missions and Church Extension, as a part of its Centenary program, therefore, is providing additional specialized workers, establishing settlements, and providing buildings or small missions for quickly growing communities that would otherwise have no religious care. An attempt is being made, with the cooperation of other churches, to provide an efficient religious ministry for this entire region. Already the Board of Sunday Schools is assisting in an important program of week-day religious instruction for the boys and girls of Gary.

A stream of humanity constantly passes through Gary—coming from the ends of the earth and returning again. Thus we have here a most unusual opportunity to reach out to the

ends of the earth with a ministry which shall advance the kingdom of God throughout the entire world. Ours is the privilege, through our Centenary cooperation, to share in such a work.

CHAPTER XXI

REACHING NEW YORK'S LITTLE ITALY

IN the days of Jacob A. Riis and others who by their work and their writing helped to make the East Side of New York famous, the "East Side" suggested to the mind a congested portion of New York city down toward the Brooklyn Bridge and extending only a relatively short distance up the east side of the city. As New York has grown, this section has been extended steadily mile after mile until some of the most congested and completely foreign groups in the entire city are found six or seven miles north of the famous Mulberry Bend. The Jefferson Park Methodist Episcopal Church is set down in the midst of one of those foreign settlements which are so characteristic of New York. This church, located on East 114th Street, has in its neighborhood, or within twenty blocks, 100,000 Italians. Ministering to this group there are two Presbyterian churches, one Episcopalian, one Methodist, and five Catholic.

Jefferson Park Church faces Jefferson Park, which provides a little breathing space in the midst of much congestion. The church itself is a beautiful five-story brick building, new and modern, and it is presided over by the Rev. A. M. D. Riggio. Mr. Riggio was born in Italy and, curiously enough, is a product of foreign missions, for he was converted in the Methodist church at Palermo, Sicily. Mr. Riggio thinks of himself as a teacher. He realizes something of the difficulty that individuals raised in a Catholic environment have of understanding our Protestant ways of thinking. The mere fact that a child is born in America and attends public school here does not mean that he understands Protestant America, particularly if he grows up in a home where the members of the family have had only the Catholic training which they received in Italy to guide them.

In spite of the fact that a very large proportion of all the Italians who come to this country are Catholic by name, Mr. Riggio estimates that not more than ten thousand of the one hundred thousand Italians living in his neighborhood attend any church. The other ninety thousand constitute a real field for Protestant evangelism. These people have withdrawn

their allegiance from the Catholic Church, and they are suspicious many times of the Protestant church. They have been fooled with churches, so that they are cautious in their allegiances. It takes time and patience to interpret Christianity to such as these, but that is exactly what is being accomplished at Jefferson Park.

One striking feature of the work here is the fact that there is not a single charity case on the books of the church. The pastor is convinced that to make the church in that neighborhood a headquarters for relief would be a tremendous mistake. Instead, he is building up a self-respecting and ultimately self-supporting church out of the people who come because they are vitally interested in the ideals held up and in the message proclaimed. Possible charity cases are referred to regular charity organizations, or temporary relief is provided in such a way that those who receive it do not recognize it as coming from the Jefferson Park Church. The fine constituency of the church is therefore not attracted by the "loaves and the fishes."

It is an inspiring sight to go into the Sunday school here and see the rooms filled with neatly clothed, bright-eyed boys and girls. They love

to sing for visitors, and they know how to put their best efforts into their singing. It is most impressive to listen to a crowd of these real Americans singing "America," or "The Star-Spangled Banner," or some gospel hymns. Born in Italian homes, they are true Americans, and while they have some difficulties which those born in Protestant homes do not have, they will go out to fill important places in our civic and national life.

The present need of the Italian work here is more and better-trained assistants. The Centenary will make possible the meeting of this need by increasing the budget for this highly important work. Just a few blocks from Jefferson Park Church stands the old Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church. This has for years housed an English-speaking congregation, but as the Italian population increased it became impossible to keep the English-speaking group together. The church has for some time been closed. It has now been taken over, remodeled and put into shape for use in connection with the Jefferson Park Church. Here, motion pictures will be shown and various types of social activities undertaken. This gives the Jefferson Park Church a chance to broaden its

work and to reach by a more varied appeal more of the people in its neighborhood.

Special effort has been made to help the boys and girls of the Jefferson Park Church to feel that the church is really their own. When it was built each child was given an opportunity to paint, under the direction of a skilled decorator, one part of the decorations over the pulpit. The artistic result is most satisfactory, but the larger result is found in the feeling of possession which the young people have for their church. In order that the people of this neighborhood who have been accustomed to beautiful Catholic churches might not be disappointed in their Protestant church and might feel that it was really a church, the chapel has been made a thing of beauty. This is in contrast to the chapels of some churches and missions, where the ministry is felt to be adequate, even though the rooms are crude and barnlike.

This church has a summer home over at Long Branch, New Jersey, and there many of the boys and girls are taken for their summer outing. During the active part of the year the Sunday school is large, the Epworth League flourishing, and the grip upon the young people

and children is strong. Then, there are Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, a glee club, a school of music, an orchestra, a cooking class, a night school for English-Italian and Italian-English, mothers' meetings, a choral class, a bugle and drum corps, a type-setting and printing class, and an athletic club.

The value of this varied work is recognized by the local captain of police, who says of it, "I heartily commend the strong effort you are making and hope that other churches will take up the good work started by you in bringing the youngsters under such wholesome influences, thereby fitting them to grow up and become good American citizens."

CHAPTER XXII

A CHURCH IN A GRAVEYARD

THE Bowery region of New York city, which has long been known as the home and hangout of criminals, bums, drunkards, and other weak and more or less undesirable members of society, was once the home of New York's aristocracy. To-day some of those who know this region best refer to it as a "burying ground" or "graveyard" because so many individuals have found it convenient to break all connections with the past and lose themselves and their identity by dropping into its complex social maelstrom.

There is another good reason too why this general region of New York can properly be termed a "graveyard." It has for years been a graveyard for churches. Generation after generation, the character of this place has been changing and churches have found it more difficult to exist here than almost anywhere else in the country. This has not been due to a lack of people, for the population has been steadily increasing. Rather it has been due to the sort of people who have come, the sort of people who

have moved out, and the limited program of work which small resources have made possible.

One after another churches have closed their doors and been converted into warehouses, stores, motion picture halls, or have been used for other purposes. Churches of all denominations, including the Methodist Episcopal, have retreated before the ever-increasing throng of European immigrants who have come in to drive out older settlers. Most of these new arrivals cannot speak English when they come to this country. They do not understand American institutions or American church programs. For the most part they are not familiar with Protestant ways of thinking and acting. Millions of them are nominally Catholic, but a large percentage of them have, as a matter of fact, severed all vital relationship with any church at all. Jews too have been coming in great numbers and they have for the most part gotten as far away from the influence of the synagogue as have the Catholics from the influence of their own churches. The fathers usually learn to speak a more-or-less imperfect English, but often the mothers never learn to understand or to speak the English language. The boys and girls must, of neces-

sity, speak their mother's language in the home, but on the street and in the public school they quickly master a certain sort of English.

Crowded together in dirty and unsanitary tenements, many times sleeping in dark rooms which have no direct outside ventilation or light and living under conditions which are a continual menace to health and morals, the wonder is not that so many have un-American ideas and standards, but, rather, that so many turn out to be fine, useful citizens. The public school and the life on the streets are perhaps the two most important factors in the experience of many of these boys and girls who grow up in the homes of our newcomers. The public school can do much, and has done much in the past, but it cannot begin to minister to all of the manysided needs of its pupils.

In the face of a retreat which has been so general as to be little short of a disgrace to the Christian Church, it is encouraging to discover some institutions which have stayed in the place of need and which have, in spite of difficulties and discouragement, ministered persistently to this steadily growing and tremendously needy population.

Just off from the Bowery, away down at the

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very beginning of Second Avenue, is the Church of All Nations, together with the Neighborhood House and the equipment and activities which have centered around them, and which, during the years have meant so much to the people in its vicinity. Under the leadership of Dr. John R. Henry this institution has been steadily serving through the years, and now the Centenary is bringing it out into a brighter and more promising future.

Physically, the present plant, which includes offices, a gymnasium, an entertainment hall, church auditorium, and various other rooms and halls for club work and other kinds of social work, is connected directly with the Hadley Rescue Hall, which opens out upon the Bowery, and the doors between these two apparently unrelated institutions are rarely closed. The unfortunate men on the Bowery who wander into the Hadley Rescue Hall and there find a better and more promising way of life, are, when they have become thoroughly established in the new way, turned over to the Church of All Nations, where they are not only given careful pastoral attention, but where they are also given a chance to serve in connection with the work which is carried on by the church.

If you were to attend the services which center around the Church of All Nations on a typical Sunday, you would have to begin at 9:30 in the morning, when a meeting is held in the Hadley Rescue Hall. At 11 o'clock an English preaching service is held in the Church of All Nations; at 2 o'clock the Junior Chinese School in Doyers Street; at 2:30 o'clock the English Sunday school meets and at 3 the adult Chinese Sunday school. At 4 o'clock there is a Russian preaching service; at 5 o'clock the Chinese Y. M. C. A., at 8 o'clock an Italian preaching service and at the same hour a Russian lecture. Of course, there is a 3 o'clock meeting in the Hadley Rescue Hall and another meeting there at 8 o'clock; but one person cannot attend everything.

On a Saturday night you might, if you are lucky, get in to see the motion pictures which are put on for the benefit of the boys and girls from the streets. I say if you are lucky, for often the room, which accommodates a thousand, is crowded to overflowing and those who cannot get seats stand in the hallway outside, or turn away in disappointment. This gathering, however, is more than an ordinary motion picture show, for there is often a brief talk to the boys

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and girls by some member of the staff, or by some visitor brought in for the occasion. Then, too, there is some very cheerful singing of religious songs, and the boys and girls join in these with a volume almost enough to raise the roof. One of their favorite songs is, "Brighten the Corner Where You are," and while it has a rather peculiar significance in the environment in which these boys and girls are forced to live, you can hear them singing it in their homes or as they play on the streets.

Nearly every race and nationality of the world is represented in the population of this neighborhood. Perhaps the dominating groups in the immediate vicinity of the Church of All Nations are Italians and Jews.

Just to enumerate the various types of ministry carried on by the Church of All Nations would be to build a long list. It would include basket-ball, tennis, indoor baseball, bowling, and other games for the boys and girls, as well as gymnasium classes, Chinese Boy Scouts, Italian Boy Scouts, the Win-One Club for Girls, a fine Vacation Home at Long Branch; night schools for Italians and Russians, and many other similar activities. You would discover, if you watched carefully enough, that many of the

most enthusiastic workers here have themselves been saved from evil in the Church of All Nations, or in the Hadley Rescue Hall, and that they are now trying to give back in kind something of what they have received. You might discover that the assistant superintendent of the Rescue Hall was a man who himself had come up "from the ranks," as the expression is there. An assistant in the Sunday school was, no later than 1917, a bartender on the Bowery. One night he wandered into the Hadley Rescue Hall, and from that moment his transformation has been continuous. Instead of tending bar he is now superintendent in an important manufacturing concern. He was one of those unfortunate individuals who, in spite of religious training in youth found the way of drink so easy that his future was apparently ruined until the mission reached out its helping hand to him.

At the time of the Centenary Celebration in Columbus the Pennsylvania Railroad set aside a special car so that Dr. Henry, the pastor of the Church of All Nations, could take with him to Columbus some twenty Chinese children who took part in the exercises in the China building throughout the Celebration. Dr. Henry, in telling of the experience, said that he had

rarely put in such a night in all h's life as the one spent on the train. A night on the train was the most unusual and delightful experience which these boys and girls had ever passed through, and they seemed resolved to make the most of it. At the Celebration these children attracted general attention and their dignified bearing, gentle manners, and attractiveness were a revelation to many who had not before been in first-hand contact with Chinese children. Dr. Gowdy, who had charge of the China building in Columbus, said that, everything considered, these twenty children provided the most satisfactory part of the entire China exhibit.

But the best part of this story remains to be told. The Centenary is going to make possible a permanent home for this fine work, a place from which the Methodist Episcopal Church need not retreat, and of which it need not be ashamed; a place where a broad ministry can be carried on among these multitudes who have such varied needs. The plans are already drawn, and in due time, as the Centenary money is paid in, a new structure, reaching through from the Bowery to Second Avenue and having entrances on both of these streets, will be

erected. Dingy rooms with plaster tumbling from the walls will give place to well lighted, well-planned, attractive rooms. The present small and inadequate staff will be increased by the addition of individuals who are specialists in their own lines, people who can call in the homes and minister to needs there; district nurses, physical instructors, educational leaders, Sunday-school workers and others will be added, so that something approaching an adequate program of work can be effectively carried out. A staff of workers of this sort might seem large in another church, but we must remember that this institution is set down in the midst of one of the most densely populated regions in all the world, a place where in a single block more people reside than in entire groups of towns in our rural regions. The opportunity for effective ministry here is limited only by the number of workers, the equipment, and the spirit of consecration which is put into the work. And this is the sort of enterprise which the money given for the Centenary by the boys and girls in our Sunday schools is helping to make possible.

CHAPTER XXIII

KNOWN BY ITS FRUITS

ONE day when John was apparently somewhat in doubt as to the authority of Jesus, he sent his disciples to ask, "Art thou he that cometh, or do we look for another?"

The story goes on to relate that Jesus replied, "Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, and the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them." Jesus's work was its own sufficient justification.

It is some such feeling as this which comes to one as he gets to know the Epworth Institutional Church, located at Lawrence and 31st Streets, Denver, Colorado, of which the Rev. Ezra M. Cox is pastor and superintendent. The large and varied ministry rendered here in the heart of one of the poorest sections of Denver does indeed speak for itself.

An interesting time to visit the church is at the noon hour of a school day, when some eighty-five children from four public schools

and one parochial school appear for luncheon. For two cents each child receives all he desires to eat of a wholesome, nourishing soup, crackers, bread, and a cookie. The group that assembles is not a miscellaneous one of which the Epworth workers know nothing. On the contrary, the home of each child has been visited and the living conditions investigated. For the most part these children come from homes where the mother is a widow, or where there is sickness or other disability on the part of the bread-winner. Practically all of these children would be under-nourished were it not for the lunches provided at Epworth. Sometimes the bowls come back for five or six helpings, but no child is allowed to go away hungry. In a few days the improvement in the physical condition of the pupil can often be noted.

The fine Epworth gymnasium, known as the Julius Titsworth Memorial, is also a strong attraction for the young people. Here physical culture, drills, and games are the order of the day, and the young people of the vicinity thus have an opportunity to employ their otherwise unoccupied hours in building up strong bodies in a genuinely Christian environment. In addition to the regular classes there are several

organized clubs for young men and boys and for young women and girls. A recent count revealed fourteen such clubs, besides a Mothers' Club.

The public library has also recognized Epworth by establishing here a branch, from which at certain hours the young people of the community may secure good books.

Surely, Epworth is a real community center from which in a very large measure the helpful and uplifting influences of the community radiate. The children and young people are gathered from the streets into a splendid building where they are provided with the opportunity for physical and moral development, as well as for social enjoyment. Cooking and housekeeping classes, sewing classes, elocution and music classes, and others, all make their contribution to the life of the young people. Of course, medical and surgical aid forms a regular part of the service rendered, and the Epworth Friendly Visitor goes continually through the neighborhood scattering sunshine and good cheer and bringing the Institution into sympathetic touch with the home and its needs.

Judge Ben Lindsey speaks of Epworth Church in no uncertain terms. In his office

he has a map on which he records by a series of pins the juvenile delinquents of the city of Denver. A few years ago the section in which Epworth Church is located was among the worst in the entire city from the standpoint of juvenile delinquency. Gradually, as the work of Epworth has been extended, he has seen the map change for the better. During the last five years he says child crime has fallen off seventy-five per cent in the neighborhood. Surely, this is a record of which to be proud.

The formal church activities are not neglected here. There is a well-conducted Sunday school of several hundred members and a substantial congregation with a genuine church life and a remarkable devotion on the part of the members to the church, for most of them have had a very definite opportunity to see the sincerity of its teachings demonstrated by its unselfish service in their own homes. Many of the people of Epworth have first been drawn to Denver to secure better health conditions for some member of the family, and Epworth has helped by its ministry some two hundred worthy families out of poorer conditions into better surroundings.

Perhaps this will be understood better when

we tell more of the story, for there is more to tell. Some distance away from the church itself Epworth conducts a regular "Goodwill Industries," where cast off articles, given through "opportunity bags" are assembled, cleaned, repaired, and then sold to the poor at a nominal price. In this way many needy ones are provided with work and many others are given the opportunity to secure clothing, furniture, and other articles, at a price which they can afford. Thus the ministry is a double one.

It would require a volume to complete the story of Epworth, but this suggestion of the nature and variety of its work will give us some idea of what might be accomplished if institutions like Epworth might be multiplied throughout the country. The Centenary plans provide definitely for just this sort of thing in many needy city centers, and it is for this service that a substantial proportion of our home mission Centenary offerings is being used.

CHAPTER XXIV

A LONG AND USEFUL LIFE

THOSE who were present at the Centenary Celebration at Columbus on the day of the great "Victory Processional," when thousands of missionaries and volunteer workers in costume rode or marched past the reviewing stand and finally gathered in a great body in front of the assembled multitude, witnessed a sight which they will not soon forget. At the head of the procession rode two men on horses. One of them was from the Church South, the other from the Methodist Episcopal Church. The individual representing the latter branch of the church was familiar to many in the crowd as "Brother Van," the name by which Dr. William Wesley Van Orsdel, of Montana, was for so many years known—not only in his own State but also in many circles throughout the entire United States. Since the celebration Brother Van has died, and the circles in which he so long moved will know him no more. His death on December 19, 1919, removed a man who for forty-seven years had given the best that he had to the service of his Master in Montana.

He loved and believed in Montana and Montana loved and believed in him. To a very remarkable degree Brother Van had the confidence, not only of the best people of Montana, but also of many who were far from saints; they believed in his integrity; they trusted his motives, and they were proud to count themselves his friends.

In his own way Brother Van was a real genius. In many respects his ministry was unique. It was perhaps well summed up in advance by himself, when as a young man, in 1872, he replied to a boat captain who wanted to know why he wanted to go to Montana, "Oh, to sing and pray, and to encourage people to be good." For nearly fifty years he followed out this program of ministry; he sang in his own peculiar fashion; he prayed as his heart dictated, and he preached to the people the simple gospel which he had known as a boy, and incidentally, it endeared him to the hearts of the people from the lowest to the highest. He was at home in the humblest homesteader's shack, or rancher's cabin, and he was equally at ease when he visited the governor of the State, either to make an informal personal call, or to secure some desired permission.

When he preached, saloon keepers closed their places of business that "the boys" might attend the service. They loaned him lamps, or provided candles, that the place of meeting might be lighted, and they listened with equal attention to the stories of the early days in Montana and to the story of the Babe of Bethlehem born so many years ago. Thus smiling, singing, preaching, building churches, planning schools, constructing hospitals, and ministering in countless other ways, William Wesley Van Orsdel built for himself a monument in the hearts of the people with whom he lived and among whom he labored.

William Van Orsdel¹ was born March 20, 1848, in the good old eastern State of Pennsylvania. As a boy he roamed and played over the hills of Gettysburg, and when the famous battle was fought he was there carrying water to the wounded of both the Northern and Southern armies. Although his sympathies were with the North, the color of the uniform made little difference to him as he went about relieving the distress of the stricken soldiers. The shell fire was heavy and once a cannon ball fell near

¹ Many of the following facts are taken from **Brother Van**, by Stella W. Brummitt.

him. The fact that it failed to explode was all that saved this young life for Montana. A girl friend of his was killed by a stray shot, but except for a few powder marks on the face William came through those difficult days unharmed.

William's father died when he was fourteen years of age and he was left to care for his mother, two sisters, and the farm. Then his mother died, the home was broken up, and he went to live with an aunt. He attended Hunterstown Academy, and it was here that his imagination was stimulated as he read of the "Northwest," the "Great American Desert," and the Indian life of that vast new country. To William, however, it was more than a place for adventure, it was a field of service. Raised in a Christian home, his zeal for Christian service came natural to him, and as a boy he had found time to minister to the needy, and to tell the gospel story to his friends and neighbors, so that he was already known as the "boy evangelist."

At seventeen, with an exhorter's license in his pocket, but with very little money for his journey he started for the great Northwest. Working by the day, preaching, organizing

Sunday schools, and holding special revival services, he literally worked his way slowly westward. Many opportunities were offered him, but his mind was ever on his goal, which was Montana. He reached Sioux City, Iowa, in 1872, and finally persuaded a Missouri River boat captain to take him the one thousand miles to Fort Benton. As the boat proceeded up the river hostile Indians could be seen fighting on the shore. The crew was in constant fear of landing lest an attack might be made upon them. At one point a tall white man, with long black hair and a wide-brimmed hat, boarded the boat. It was none other than William F. Cody, later to become famous as "Buffalo Bill." Thus, after many varied adventures, Brother Van reached Fort Benton on the first day of July, 1872. His ready smile, keen wit, and his spirit and practice of helpfulness had already won him the friendship of all on board the boat. He had now reached the land of his dreams and he was ready to begin his real work. He wasted no time, for he landed Sunday morning and twice that day he preached in a saloon to a crowd of Indians, settlers, cowboys, freighters, and others.

To recount the many experiences which

Brother Van passed through in Montana would be to tell a story forty-seven years long, for he was ever on the move. There were dangers, deprivations, and difficulties of many sorts, but for him they were but the spice of life—the elements which made life continually interesting and alluring. To say that he built one hundred churches, fifty parsonages, six hospitals, and two large institutions of learning, is but to mention some of the external evidences of a ministry which was, after all, primarily spiritual. Brother Van is now gone, but his life and spirit still live and will continue to live in Montana.

The fulfillment of the program for which Brother Van and his associates labored so unceasingly still lies in the future, and the Centenary is to have a large part in it. Heroic souls have laid the foundations and we are to share in the completion of the structure. No sooner had the Centenary funds begun to come in than a cry of desperate need came from Montana. The failure of the crops in certain sections had left the churches without adequate support and the residents in different communities were in actual distress. Recognizing the need, and for once having the funds at hand,

money was sent that churches might not be closed and that homes might not be abandoned by those who had not the resources to buy the necessities of life for their families. Was it not fortunate that the church was prepared to minister in such a time of need?

Recently there has been held in Montana an interdenominational conference to work out a religious program for the State, with a view to providing for unchurched communities and avoiding of overlapping. Definite responsibilities were assigned to different denominations so that each knows what its particular task is. The Centenary is to make possible a very definite advance here. Better buildings, better-paid pastors, and new enterprises involving a broader ministry in many ways are the order of the day, and this is no small contribution to an immense State still in the frontier stage of development, but with large prospects for the future.

Brother Van gladly gave nearly half a century of his life to Montana in the days when such giving involved genuine sacrifice. May we not count it a privilege to have, under more favorable conditions, even a small part in the work which he has so well begun?

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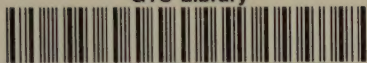
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